McKean County Miner.

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FOUR ITALIANS HOLD UP MEN AND MURDER A COUNTRYMAN

In a Shanty at Coryville Monday Evening.

AL. IVES CAPTURES THEM

Tuesday Morning at Eldred, With Assistance of Clell Olmstead.

PRISONERS POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED

Policeman A. L. Ives Displayed Great Nerve in Taking the Prisoners—Lodged in Jail—The Coroner's Jury Renders a Verdict and Holds the Four.

A telephone message to Sheriff Geo. W. Mitchell, Monday night, from Coryville, bore the news that another murder had been committed in this county by Italians. Sheriff Mitchell notified District Attorney Guy B. Mayo, Turnkey Michael Welch and Constable E. W. Jones and as soon as possible the four drove to the scene of the tragedy.

In an old shanty, near where the old Frisbee mill formerly stood, they found one Italian, Guiseppi (Joseph) Tiberi, dead with a bullet wound in his left chest, and a dozen or more badly frightened countrymen.

The Italians stated that about eight o'clock that evening four men came to their place of abode and upon being admitted demanded money from all of them for a "sicka man" and when they said they could not give the amount demanded the highwaymen opened fire on them and after emptying their revolvers fled.

Some of the officers and citizens took up the trail of the bandits and followed their tracks down the creek into the woods while District Attorney Mayo went to the telephone and notified all the towns of the murder, giving a good description of the four men who had committed the crime. Nothing could be found of the fugitives by the searching party and at 2 o'clock in the morning the sheriff and his party gave up the chase and started for Smethport with the intention of getting a little rest and again taking up the hunt after daylight.

Early Tuesday morning a telephone message from Eldred stated that Policeman Ives and Clell Olmstead had captured four men answering the description given out and that they were in the Eldred lockup.

Sheriff Mitchell, Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison, Constable Jones and two or three others took the morning train for Eldred and Coroner B. H. Hall of Bradford, who had been notified, District Attorney Mayo, Dr. H. L. McCoy and a representative of the MINER took the same train for Coryville. At Coryville Possidio Tiberi, a cousin of the murdered man, joined the sheriff and his party. At the Eldred lockup the four suspects were brought singly before the murdered man's cousin and he readily identified each as being in the party that entered their place of abode and took part in the shooting affray the night before.

The prisoners were securely handcuffed and under strong guard were taken in carriages to Coryville, where others identified one or more of them as the guilty parties. They were then conveyed to Smethport and lodged in the county jail.

In the meantime Coroner Hall and Dr. McCoy held an autopsy on the murdered man. After the autopsy Coroner Hall impanelled a Coroner's jury composed of Asa Champlain, foreman, Peter Cooney, L. W. Howden and John D. Stull, Jr., of Coryville, and J. L. Morrison and Harry L. Backus of Smethport. The jury viewed the remains and then drove to Smethport where the inquest was held in the sheriff's office in the court house.

Dr. McCoy was the first witness called and testified as to the condition of the dead body of Guiseppi Tiberi. He stated that the dead man had been a healthy, muscular person, about 150 pounds in weight and from 25 to 30 years old. The bullet which killed him had entered the left chest two inches below the collar bone, slightly to the left, between the second and third ribs, cutting through two large pulminary veins of the left lung, striking the back bone and being deflected upward to the right lung, where it was found. The man must have died in a few minutes after he was shot, bleeding to death.

Louis Tiberi, a brother of the murdered man, testified that he (the witness) was at night school when the crime was committed. He said the man who was killed was 28 years old.

Possidio Tiberi, a cousin of the murdered man was the next witness to testify. He was an eye witness of the shooting. He stated that at about 8 o'clock Monday evening the four prisoners entered the Italians' boarding place near Coryville. There were 13 woodchoppers in the building at the time. The witness stated that he had seen one of the four before, but that he was not acquainted with him. The others were strangers. The visitors were greeted in a friendly manner and they were offered supper and beer to drink by the occupants of the house. "We came not for drink, but money," said their spokesman, "we need money to help a man who is sick."

The men in the house explained that they had little money to give as purchases of supplies at Smethport the day before had exhausted their funds. The robbers insisted on getting cash. They would accept no apologies and then revealed their true purpose. The leader (the big man) called to Guiseppi, who was standing in a bedroom doorway, to come to the room where they were. Guiseppi, as if conscious of what was about to happen, refused to approach. The robbers then drew their revolvers. "Come and give us your money or we'll kill you," they exclaimed, and almost immediately the shooting began.

The witness had purchased a revolver while in Smethport that day for one of the men who was robbed in Moody Hollow a couple of weeks ago and as soon as he could get it in readiness he returned the robber's fire and as they had emptied their revolvers they fled from the place. He fired two shots while they were in the building, and three from the doorway after they were outside, but none of his shots took effect. He then returned to the house just in time to see his cousin breathe his last.

The witness again positively identified each one of the prisoners as the guilty parties and as he pointed them out the leader of the gang clenched his fists and with a fierce scowl muttered a foul imprecation.

The leader, who gave his name as Frank Galino or Galino, then said that he wanted to talk and, after taking the oath, stated in broken English that he and the others went to Coryville that night to look for work. Here he hesitated and after being informed that any statements he made might be used against him, he *did not* make any further remarks.

Sheriff Mitchell then testified. He identified the revolvers given him by Officer Ives which were taken from the prisoners and pointed out the prisoners *giving their names* as they had given them to him. They are as follows: Frank Galino, Rocco Daqui, Salvato Caruso and Filippo Frisina.

This finished the testimony at the inquest and the prisoners were returned to the jail to await a further hearing before Justice B. L. Knapp. The coroner's jury promptly rendered a verdict to the effect that Guiseppi Tiberi had come to his death at the hands of one of the four prisoners.

THE HEARING.

The hearing of the accused men was opened before Justice B. L. Knapp in court room at 11 o'clock this morning. The room was almost filled with spectators, a large number of them being Italians.

While the information was being read Galino, spokesman of the accused quartette made facetious remarks and smiled broadly. He claimed he could not understand with what crime he was charged. District Attorney Mayo without the help of an interpreter, made this very plain to him. Possidio Tiberi and Louie Tiberi told practically the same story as at the inquest. Dominick Venanzi, an inmate of the house when the murder occurred, aside from identifying them said that Galino was one of a gang that tried to rob him a few weeks ago.

Rudolph Venanzi, Donato Uardo, Nazzaroni Vittori, Antonio Gianet, Antonio Tassi, Antonio Gloria, Delbiongo Enrico and Sando Paciotti were all positive in their identification of the men, several of them also testifying to having seen Galino and Rocco Daqui in neighborhood on other occasions before the day of the crime.

Considerable amusement was caused by the antics of the witnesses in describing the excitement they were under when the shooting commenced. Some of them seemed to fear the prisoners and cast anxious glances in their direction.

Galino eyed each witness closely and asked of several of them if they did not have guns Monday night. Vittora said in answer to this question that there were two shot guns in the house but they were not used.

Allessando Plini, Antonio Victorio and Guiseppi Petori, other inmates of the house also testified in support of the preceding witnesses.

Sheriff Mitchell was called upon to produce the weapons taken from the prisoners and Policeman Ives and Clell Olmstead identified the revolvers taken from each man.

D. M. Sheehan, Reuben Prentiss and Arden Hastron were called and testified to seeing the men in the vicinity of Coryville Monday night.

Ambroggio Jinglinzzi testified positively that Golino was one of the three men who robbed him of $180 on March 13. He was compelled to hand over the money at the point of a revolver. He did not recognize the other three prisoners.

Giannino Antonio testified that on March 13 Galino held him up with a revolver and searched him. He had no money.

Monteroli Egidio testified that he also was held up and searched by Galino.

The hearing closed at 2 o'clock and the prisoners were bound over for their appearance at the June term of court.

A charge of robbery will also be brought against Galino and perhaps others of the party.

While several witnesses testified that Galino fired the first shot and one or two say it was this shot that killed Guiseppi Tiberi, to the eyes of the law, if these men entered that house to commit robbery and murder they are equally guilty of the crime of murder charged against them. This is the opinion of the best legal reference obtainable by the MINER.

DARING CAPTURE.

Too much credit cannot be given Officer Ives and Clell Olmstead of Eldred who captured this gang Tuesday morning. They knowingly and voluntarily took their lives in their own hands, with the chances rather against them, when they attempted this task and we think we are safe in saying that there are few men in this section who would take the same chances, especially when there was no reward offered and no other incentive than to perform a noble act in the interest of justice. And if it is within their power the county commissioners should suitably reward them for the deed.

There were several conflicting stories afloat as to how the brave act was accomplished and we therefore called Mr. Ives up by telephone and got his story which is substantially as follows: "I received word of the crime and a description of the men in the evening and was on the lookout for them until after five o'clock. Then, thinking that they would not come through town at such an hour, went to bed. About 6 o'clock Clell Olmstead, who is the pumper at the Pennsylvania railroad water tank, came to my room and aroused me, saying that four Italians had just gone down the track and he thought they were the men that were wanted. I hurriedly dressed and we started down the track after them. When we got sight of them I gave Clell my club, keeping my revolver. I guess they did not think two men would attempt to capture the four so they did not hurry and we caught up to them in a cut about a quarter of a mile below the tannery (which is fully a mile below the central part of town). Clell started to pass them and as soon as he got by I shoved my revolver almost into the face of the big fellow, who was behind, and and ordered them to throw up their hands. All obeyed but the big one who attempted to pull his gun but when I spoke the second time he obeyed, and I reached into his pocket and took his revolver. Clell then took a revolver from each of the others and a knife from two of them and we marched them ahead of us back to town and locked them up."

A VISIT TO THE SCENE.

The MINER representative who visited the scene of the murder, spent a good deal of time learning the full particulars of this case and if the testimony in court corresponds with the statements made to him it is almost certain that all four of these prisoners will pay the penalty of their crime on the gallows.

From our observations we have learned that Italians are an emotional people and are very susceptible to the emotions of grief, fear and anger and that the law abiding ones have a terrible fear of doing anything to incite the hatred of those of their countrymen who are of a lawless disposition. Upon questioning the companions of the murdered man, through an interpreter, we found that it was the intention of nearly all of them to flee to their native land, as soon as possible, because they were in terrible fear that the prisoners would be liberated and that as soon as they were they would suffer the same fate as their dead companion. But, after they had been emphatically assured that they could not possibly regain their liberty as long as they remained as witnesses, then nearly all of them expressed a desire to stay and assist justice in avenging the murder of their companion. When we got off the train about the first person we saw was Louis Tiberi, a brother. He was sobbing softly and big tears were rolling down his cheeks. Later when Possidio Tiberi came into the room where his murdered cousin lay he broke down and sobbed like a heart broken child and it was fully a half hour before he could be pacified. Then just before leaving for Smethport Tiberi's brother broke down and wept almost as bitterly as did Possidio.

When the companions of the victim

(Continued on last page, third column.)

Big Fire at Kane Monday.

A Kane special in Monday's Era says: The worst fire in the history of the town occurred this afternoon. The blaze wiped out a number of buildings located on Chase street, a thoroughfare running parallel to Main, and in addition to the heavy property loss, 32 horses caught by the devouring flames in their stalls were roasted to death. The total loss is put at over $75,000, with light insurance.

It was about 3 o'clock when employes at Wickham & Johnson's livery stable discovered that a lively blaze had originated in the basement of the barn. In that part of the building a gasoline engine was located and it is believed that the volatile liquid used for propelling the engine was what caused the conflagration. So rapidly did the flames spread that it was impossible to check their ravages. Thirty-two valuable animals were cremated in their stalls. Of these 22 belonged to Wickham & Johnson and the others were boarders belonging to other parties. Sleighs, buggies, harness, etc., were destroyed. There was no insurance on the livery stable and the losses are estimated as follows: Wickham & Johnson, $10,000; owners of boarding horses, $7,000; J. C. West, owner of the building, $5,000.

Adjoining the livery stable was the barn of James McDade. He succeeded in saving his horses and some of the contents of the building, but his loss is about $3,000.

Next the Frazine building in which a harness shop was conducted, and in which Henry Clayson occupied rooms on the upper floors, was destroyed. Nothing of much value was saved. Mr. Frazine's loss on building was about $10,000; on stock, etc., $6,000; partially insured. Mr. Clayson's loss, $1,000 insured.

The flames next attacked the two large brick veneered buildings belonging to P. McHale and both were destroyed. In one of the structures Mr. McHale lived in upstairs rooms and downstairs he conducted a grocery store and meat market. In the adjoining building Mrs. E. Jacobson conducted a boarding house upstairs and downstairs M. E. Costello kept a furniture storehouse. In Mrs. Jacobson's part of the building were 22 rooms, the occupants of which lost all their belongings—one man losing $200 cash. Mr. McHale figures his loss at $20,000 on the building and $3,000 on stock, etc., partially insured. Mrs. Jacobson's loss was $2,000 and that of her boarders about $2,000. She carried no insurance. Mr. Costello's furniture loss is large.

The city building, a wooden structure on the corner of Chase and Bayard streets, was wiped out. There the councils met and the lockup was located. The loss to the borough is about $4,000.

The buildings mentioned were all two story structures with basements, except one of Frazine's buildings, which was a three story one. All were located on the east side of the street.

P. Mormino's store room and residence also burned. His building was consumed by flames that rolled across the street, driven by the fierce gale which was blowing, and his loss was $2,000.

W. H. Bartlett's flour and feed store near the City hall, was also destroyed, entailing a loss of $1,000. The Baptist church, which was located south of the place where the conflagration originated was also burned, the loss being about $6,000; insured.

Comparatively little insurance was carried on any of the properties destroyed.

The flames burned fiercely from 3 until 4:30 o'clock when the firemen finally succeeded in getting the blaze under control. The water pressure was weak and the wind which blew from the south was so strong that for a time it was feared a general conflagration would sweep the business section. To add to the commotion which naturally prevailed, there were several sharp explosions in the burning livery stable. These were doubtless due to fulminating caps or to small quantities of nitro-glycerine in some of the wagons used by "shooters."

Fortunately nobody was hurt.

The burnt district will soon be rebuilt, it is expected, but the fire, nevertheless, was a severe blow to the town.

Important if True.

A conference of politicians was held at Smethport last week looking to the advancement of the political fortunes of Capt. Barclay, paving the way for his nomination for congress. While we should be pleased to see our distinguished fellow citizen capture the prize we think his chances for the nomination are about as favorable as our's will be for the presidential nomination in 1908. We hope this judgment will not discourage him as political lightning sometimes strikes where least expected.

Cameron county was represented in the conference by B. W. Green, Esq., Hon. J. C. Johnson, J. P. McNarney, Esq., and C. L. Butler.—Emporium Independent.

Farm for Sale

In McKean County, Pa., over 100 acres with barn, about 70 acres cleared, at Lafayette Corners, 12 miles from Bradford. Inquire at this office.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

We are pained to note the death of Benjamin C. Corwin, which occurred at his residence in this borough, Dec. 9, 1881. He died of consumption and had lived to see 71 years, seven months and 21 twelve days pass over his venerable head. His health has been delicate for a great number of years, yet he bore his sufferings with Christian fortitude and with little complaint.

The subject of the above lines was born in Cazenovia, Madison county, N. Y., in the year 1807. In 1822 he came to this place with his father, who settled on a farm near what is now known as Colegrove. When grown up to manhood with his own hands he cleared the dense forest from the farm now owned by Wm. Haskill, about a mile and a half from town on Marvin Creek. He lived upon the farm for many years, but finding old age slowly creeping upon him he purchased a nice, comfortable house and lot in this village where he moved to spend his remaining years. He was a carpenter by trade and many substantial buildings hereabouts stand as monuments to his handiwork.

He was a man of few words and of the strictest integrity. It has been said of him that "his word was as good as his note." He was well known in all this section and during an acquaintance of our whole life we have never heard him spoken of but in respect and reverence. He was a man of judgment and intellect, very set in his ways, but always true to what he considered right. Would that every community had numberless men like "Uncle Ben," for the world would be better for it. For forty-two years he was a member of the Baptist church in this place, and during all those years was faithful and zealous in the faith.

He leaves a wife with whom he had lived 60 years, lacking a few days, and four children. After years of suffering this venerable pioneer has found "Sweet rest in Heaven."

The funeral services were held at his residence last Sunday and were conducted by Rev. S. D. Morris, a life long friend of the deceased.

Hall-Cullen.—At the residence of the bride's parents in Ward, N. Y., Monday, Dec. 26, 1881, by D. B. Lanphear, Esq., Mr. Maurice A. Hall of Smethport, Pa., and Miss Verna Victoria Cullen of Ward, N. Y.

Richardson—Haugh.—At the M. E. parsonage, Smethport, Dec. 24, 1881, by Rev. E. P. Hubbell, Everett E. Richardson and Miss Mattie J. Haugh, all of New City, Pa.

Wood-Lyman.—At the residence of A. E. Stickles, Keating township, Dec. 28, 1881, by Rev. E. P. Hubbell, Lewis J. Wood and Miss Mattie Jennie Lyman, all of Roulette, Pa.

Abbey.—In Keating township, on Monday, December 26, 1881, May, daughter of Palmer and Melissa Abbey, aged 13 years, 11 months and 11 days.

Mrs. McKean, mother of Mrs. Henry Gallup, met with a painful accident on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 31, 1881. While walking along King street, and when at the corner of Union she slipped and fractured her ankle. Unable to walk she was compelled to remain sitting on the edge of the sidewalk for nearly an hour before she could make herself heard and receive assistance. Considering the severity of the day and the intensity of the pain it must have been a trying ordeal Mrs. McKean had to pass through.

Death of George Badger.

News was received by Byron Badger of this place Tuesday afternoon that his brother, George Badger had died suddenly at Nansen, this county. We have not received full particulars but as near as we can learn he was sitting by an open fire place and in some way fell forward into the fire. He was rescued from this terrible position by relatives, but died in a short time.

Just what caused this fall we have been unable to learn but it is supposed that he was either taken suddenly with a fainting spell or that he reached forward for something and the chair slipped with the above result.

Mr. Badger was about 60 years of age and previous to going to Nansen a few years ago had been a resident of this place for nearly 20 years. He was a veteran of the Civil war and a member in good standing of the P. H. C. He has many friends in this vicinity who will regret his untimely death.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter, Mrs. Gaffney, and one son, Winfield and one brother, Byron, who deeply mourn his loss.

The funeral services will be held at Kane to-day.

For Sale.

A good team of work horses, wagons, sleds, harnesses and all that goes with a first class farming outfit. Will sell in part or all together. Inquire of

JOHN EBERSPACHER,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice.

Nice upland pasture, pure spring water. Inquire of Eugene Glavin, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

Sudden Death of Mrs. Robinson.

Again we are reminded of the uncertainty of life in the sudden death of Mrs. F. O. Robinson, which occurred at her home in Coryville last Saturday morning. Mrs. Robinson was preparing to pass the day with her mother and had gone to her room where she was found lying unconscious upon the floor. Help was immediately summoned and everything possible done to revive her. Dr. Ostrander was called and pronounced death due to apoplexy.

Winnie Adeline Robinson was born in Linden, N. Y., January 22, 1888, and died March 24, 1906. She came to this place to live when quite a young girl. She was married to Fred O. Robinson July 2, 1904.

She was a kind friend and neighbor, with always a cheery word for those around her and always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. She will be greatly missed by her many friends, but most of all in the home she made so pleasant and cheerful.

The bereaved husband and relatives have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction. Kind neighbors and friends did all they could to show their sympathy and tried to make the blow lighter. The flowers sent by friends were many and beautiful. The Modern Woodmen, of whom Mr. Robinson is a member, sent a beautiful harp made of roses, carnations and smilax and did everything in their power to help the bereaved brother.

The funeral services were held at the church at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, Rev. Roulo of Portville officiating, and interment was made at Annin Creek. Members of the Modern Woodmen acted as pall bearers.

Exciting Time at Oswayo.

A large amount of excitement was caused in the M. E. church of Oswayo, Potter county, when a man named August McKinney 78 years old, struck the pastor, Rev. Darwin E. Stiles a hard blow in the face during prayer meeting which was being held last week Thursday evening. Rev. Darwin E. Stiles, who has held that charge since the last conference opened the meeting as usual Thursday evening. Among those who gave testimonies during the evening was an old man named August McKinney, who during his talk made some rude remarks about the minister, whereupon the minister requested him to sit down. The old gentleman refused to quit or sit down, and the minister walked down to where he stood and laid a hand on his shoulder and again told him to sit down, which made the old gentleman's blood boil. The next thing the minister knew he received a blow in the face from the strong right arm of the old man. It has caused a good deal of talk and comment among the people along the Oswayo valley.—Olean Ledger.

Arrested on Charge of Larceny.

Hector McEachern was arrested Saturday evening, charged with intoxication. This is not the only trouble in which he is involved. The authorities of Smethport want McEachern on the charge of larceny and Constable E. W. Jones of the county seat will come after him this morning as soon as he is disposed of in police court. The alleged larceny took place at Simpson more than a year ago. A man named Truesdale was taken into custody and served time for swiping a keg of beer. When Truesdale was released it is said that he implicated McEachern and his arrest followed. McEachern's wife, who is living up the West Branch, is seriously ill.—Monday's Bradford Era. McEachern was brought to Smethport by Constable Jones and given a hearing before Justice B. L. Knapp. Truesdale appeared and gave his testimony and the prisoner was placed under $300 bail for his appearance at court. He was unable to furnish bail and is now in jail.

C. L. S. C. Program for April.

April 9—Roll call. Definitions of terms used in Greek Art. "Ideals in Greek Literature," Chap. VIII, Miss Day. "Greek Art," Chap. VII, Miss Biever. "The Attic Theatre," Miss Mabel Day.

April 16—Roll call. Interesting facts about the Parthenon. "Ideals in Greek Literature," Chap. IX, Mrs. Bisett. "Greek Art," Chap. VIII to page 199, Miss Masser. "Greek Preparation for Christian Thought," Mrs. Richmond.

April 23—Roll call. Current Events. "Ideals in Greek Literature," Chap. XII, Miss Biever. "Greek Art," Chap. VIII concluded, Miss Mabel Day. "Schools of Classical Studies in Athens and Rome," Mrs. Masser.

April 30—Roll call. Modern Greek Excavations. "The Message of Greek Politics," Miss Rubin. "Greek Art," Chap. IX to page 228, Mrs. Bisett. Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," Chap. I, Miss Masser.

For Sale.

Two valuable cows, two buggies and a cutter. For particulars inquire Mrs. Mary Brandt, Smethport, Pa.

For wet feet try a pair of Hood's bers. The Lindholm

The correct shirt collar and found at Lindholm's.

The Fate of the Serpent

A St. Patrick's Day Story

By JOHN FITZGERALD

Copyright, 1905, by Charles K. Lush

It will be admitted that a man who is to play the part of a serpent might select a better day than March 17 for such a performance. In the case of Harvey Miller, however, the decision was not made in advance, but upon the impulse of the moment. Circumstances, he would claim, and not deliberate choice put him into the role of tempter of his friend.

He was an Englishman in a national guard regiment whose roster shows a clear majority of good old Irish names. Accordingly, by its custom, this regiment paraded on St. Patrick's day in an east wind which for penetrating chill was unmatched in the memory of any soldier or civilian in the procession.

After the parade and the resumption of his ordinary attire Miller came out upon the steps of the armory, and the first gust that struck him made his teeth chatter. Immediately he was aware of a shivering, childish voice which said:

"A note for you, lieutenant. It came to the house after you'd left."

Miller beheld a blue visaged boy named Michael Healy, whose mother was landlady of the house where the guardsman boarded.

Miller took the note from the boy's hand, ordered him to "report" to his mother and dismissed him, with flattering formality. Then as he walked along the street the lieutenant opened and read the communication, which disclosed to him the fact that he would not have the pleasure of escorting Miss Florence Lantry to the masked ball to be given that evening. The young lady, who had been visiting her cousin, Miss Kate Mahan, had been called suddenly home.

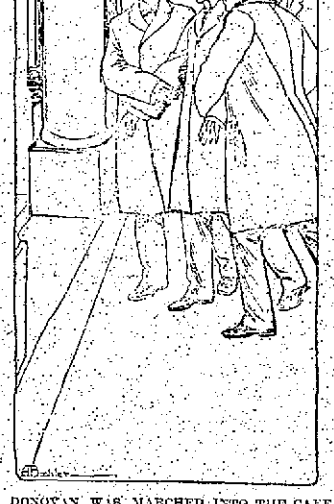
For certain reasons the reading of this note set up such a confusion of thought in Miller's brain that he forgot to continue walking, but the extraordinary chill of the afternoon struck to his vitals as soon as he stopped. At that moment a door opened opportunely just beside him, and he walked into the ornate office of a hotel.

The warmth of the place affected him with a childish sense of gratitude. The armory had been as cold as a barn—almost uninhabitable, in fact—after five hours out of doors on that raw day. He had thought that he should freeze while changing from his lieutenant's uniform to his civilian clothes, and his vitals still ached with the chill. A temptation to have something to drink assailed him, and he moved toward the bar, but turned aside and stood irresolute in a corner.

Presently he was aware of voices just outside the window by which he was standing. Half a dozen members of his regiment had halted there, and one was saying:

"Come along, Larry. One drink on a day like this can't hurt a fellow."

Miller was alert in a moment. Previously more than half his mind had been concerned with the note from



DONOVAN WAS MARCHED INTO THE CAFE AT DOUBLE QUICK.

Miss Lantry, and only a small fraction of his attention had been given to his surroundings. Now he was recalled to complete self consciousness and active, practical thinking. His face flushed. He thrust the note into a pocket of his overcoat and walked to the door.

"Come in, boys," he said. "Here's where we all save our lives after that march today. Larry, you're the color of a drowned corpse. You ought to see yourself in a looking glass."

He took a step or two forward and laid a hand on Larry Donovan's arm. Some one else immediately seized the other arm, and Donovan was marched into the cafe at double quick.

"Nothing strong for me," declared Donovan. "I've been on the water wagon for a year, and I'm going to stay there. I know when I'm safe."

One of the men on the other side of the table looked across at Miller with a shake of his head. He was aware, as Miller was also, that Donovan had not always known when he was safe, but, on the contrary, had put himself into very grave peril. That warning glance embarrassed Miller, who had been upon the point of ordering something hot and strong for all hands without regard to Donovan's refusal. While he hesitated some one else stepped into the breach and gave the order.

"What time are you going to show up at the dance tonight?" asked one of the men.

Miller looked at his watch.

"What time did you mention to-night?" he inquired, with much civility.

"Aren't the trolleys running this evening?" inquired some one.

"Not for us," responded Donovan. "If I should get into a trolley car in this costume I'm going to wear tonight I'd be mistaken for the owner of the whole street railroad outfit."

"What's the costume?"

"A suit of red tights, two horns and a tail," answered Larry. "No, sir; I don't want to make the conductor nervous. Miller and I," he added in a more serious tone, "are going to escort Miss Mahan and her cousin from out of town, Miss Lantry. Did you see about the carriage, Harvey?"

Miller nodded, while two or three of the other men exchanged glances. It was made to appear suspected among their friends that both Miller and Donovan were [illegible] smitten with sweet Kitty Mahan, and that Miller had hired the [illegible] for her gratification, or this had been given out by the latter. He listened with a good grace, and as he had the heavy tendency of purpose characteristic of many men of English blood it was regarded as surprising that he should be found playing the part of servitable friend and escort to the county coquette.

Now, the truth is that this was more surprising to Miller than it could possibly be to any one else. His pride gnawed his vitals whenever he realized the position into which he had been drifting during the last few months and especially since Miss Lantry had come to the city. He cared nothing at all for that estimable young lady. Her presence gave him an opportunity for seeing more of Kitty Mahan, particularly for seeing her and Lawrence Donovan together, for spying upon them in order to discover whether there existed between them anything that could be called an understanding. This observation had filled his heart with bitterness. It had revealed to him the very many ways in which Donovan excelled him as a cavalier, and yet it had said, or, at least, Kitty was still heart free, so far as she herself knew.

If Donovan could be removed from the scene for awhile, if he should suffer embarrassment in this sentimental battle, Miller felt, it would be so amusing to Kitty with his songs and stories and ridiculous fight heretofore, there might be a chance for Harvey Miller.

"I'm told that Florence has a stunning costume," said Donovan aside to Miller, "so please she wouldn't tell me what it was."

"No," he added, "but we shall soon see. Here's her health, with all my heart, she's a very charming girl."

He looked [illegible] Larry's, and the toast was done. Larry had not quite the strength to decline the toast, and so he raised the glass to his lips. Five minutes later every glass was empty and others were on the way.

When Miller was upon the street again it was half past 3 o'clock. He had been in the cafe less than an hour and had not drunk very much, and yet the clock on the railroad station appeared to him to have registered three or four extra ones, which lurched and tumbled and hurled into one another so mystically that it was amazingly difficult to tell the time. He realized his condition and knew that all the other men were as bad, except Larry Donovan, who was worse.

Miller observed with satisfaction that two of the most reckless of the men had attached themselves to Larry and that they were leading him in a direction which would never bring him to his home or to the Irish societies' masked ball unless continued all the way around the world. Considering what Larry's tendencies had been for a couple of years before he became an abstainer, there was no reason to doubt the issue. One of two things must happen—Kitty Mahan would not see him at all that evening or she would see him at his very worst.

With Larry out of the way he could present himself at Kitty Mahan's house in the handsome costume which he had provided for this festal occasion. He would be informed that Miss Lantry had gone, and he would exhibit surprise, an appropriate sympathy, too, because of the sad news about her mother. Her note to him must have been mislaid at the boarding house.

And what has become of Larry? Not now. How surprising! He was not at home. It was natural to suppose that he had gone on to the Mahans alone. Let us wait for him. Half an hour's waiting perhaps and no sign of Larry. Miss Mahan is offended. Mr. Miller escorts her to the ball; he makes himself extremely agreeable; he obliterates the memory of Larry from the young lady's mind. It is the beginning of victory.

Thus he forecast the evening's events. They would make a sensation and exalt him in the estimation of his friends who now believed him beaten in the game of love. Would he be blamed for Donovan's downfall in case his comrade should really go on a protracted spree and seriously injure his prospects? Perhaps by a few, but he would manage to crawl out of it somehow. The word gave him a momentary sensation of being a crawling creature, a brother to those that St. Patrick drove out of the Emerald Isle, but he shook off such fancies and defied the saint.

There was another consideration, however, which demanded attention. It was the matter of finances. He had spent an extravagant sum on his costume and had not reserved enough to carry him through the holiday with perfect security. Donovan, who was to have been his companion, had agreed to lend him whatever he might need, but Miller himself had cut off that source of supply and must now look for another.

He counted his cash and was amazed to learn how much he had spent in the barroom. He was aware, however, that this is the common penalty of such foolishness, and he wasted no time in regret. Instead he acted upon a genuine inspiration and called up on the telephone a certain friend of his whom he knew to be well supplied with ready cash. The response was cordial.

"Be it my house between 4 and half past," said this obliging gentleman, "and I'll let you have as much as you want."

So that was all settled, and Miller went home with a light heart and a lighter head. Upon the stairway he met his youthful admirer.

"Mike," said he, sitting down without intending to do so, "can you tell time by a clock?"

"Sure," responded the boy.

"I'm feeling a little under the weather, and I'm going to turn in. Understand?"

"That means go to bed," said Mike.

The lieutenant struggled to his feet.

"Knock on my door at half past 5," said he. "Don't you dare to forget it. That's orders."

He went on to his room, put on about half of his masquerading costume and then dropped upon the bed, asleep before he had fairly struck it.

Faithful to his orders, Billy Mike Healy rapped upon the lieutenant's door at precisely half past 5. Miller sprang up, dazed, groped for his watch and after a glance at it dismissed the boy with thanks. Five minutes later he was upon the street, shivering and confused and presenting a figure sufficiently grotesque in his courtier's costume of two centuries ago, under an overcoat of today's pattern.

An empty cab was passing, and Miller was reminded that he had given no notification to the cabby whom he had engaged that he had made a change in the hour of his departure. He hailed the driver of the cabless vehicle, gave him the address of the kind friend who was to lend the money and climbed aboard. He sank shivering into a corner and tried to make plans for the evening.

The ride seemed very long and the passenger's wits were gradually restored. Suddenly he put up his hand to his forehead and became rigid from top to toe.

What was the matter with the street? It should have been thronged at this hour, but, on the contrary, was almost deserted. Moreover, by some strange miracle it was growing lighter. The gas lamps were pale. A peculiar quality was perceptible in the cold and murky air.

A shiver that was not of cold passed over Miller's body. He thrust his head out of the window and shouted to the driver hoarsely, "What time is it?"

Cabby pulled up his horse and looked around sleepily:

"About 6 o' the mornin'," said he. "There's a clock forninst ye."

"Morning?"

There was a long silence. The cabman gathered up his reins and urged his tired horse forward.

"Hold on!" called Miller. "Drive back—back where you took me from."

Mike Healy was upon the steps of the boarding house as Miller, scowling and muttering, crossed the sidewalk.

"I was afraid I'd make a mistake," said the boy proudly. "Guess I did awake pretty near all night"—

Miller pushed by him roughly and entered the house. His temper was not improved even by a good breakfast, and he was the sourest rascal in town when he arrived at his place of employment at half past 8. One of the first persons upon whom his eyes rested was his fellow employee, Larry Donovan, who seemed to be in even better spirits than usual.

"Pity about Miss Lantry," he said sympathetically. "But why didn't you come along anyhow? We had the time of our lives. Narrow escape for me, though. If I hadn't got away from that blasted barroom just as I did—However, it's all right now. Never again—not a drop. I've given my solemn word to Kitty Mahan, and you know what a pledge like that will mean to me."

Ironmonger.

The word "ironmonger" has as curious an origin as any other word in the English language. It means literally an eater of iron and came to its present use in this way: There was once a law that forbade buying fish to sell again, and the fish hawkers, who still carried on their trade in spite of this law, were facetiously termed fish eaters or fishmongers, for, to evade the law, their large purchases of fish were said to be for their own consumption. Gradually the term monger was applied to other trades, as cheesemonger, until at last it came to mean any middle man, as distinguished from a manufacturer, and so was applied to the dealer in hardware.—London Graphic.

The Drawback.

"How do you like being civilized?" asked the philanthropist.

"Well," answered the simple child of nature, "civilization is great for the mind, but it is mighty hard on the digestion."—Washington Star.

Ability doth hit the mark where presumption overshooteth and diffidence falleth short.—Cusa.

HE HAILED THE DRIVER OF THE VEHICLE.

JOE'S MISSIONARY

By M. J. Phillips

Copyright, 1905, by Ruby Douglas

Little Mary Anderson was undoubtedly pretty. She was brown and lithe. Her crinkly half was a jumbled poem. Her big brown eyes were alight with shifting fires, merriment and mischief predominating. Joe Temple thought, once or twice, that he had surprised a tenderer light in their depths, but Mary's pert little tongue and ringing laugh promptly drove such ideas flatter skelter.

Joe was a light hatred viking of a fellow, with muscles like a wrestler, shoulders almost the width of the door and the best temper in the world. He was foreman at the cereal food factory, where Mary worked. The little brown maid attracted him. Her duty was to pack the paper cartons in cases for shipment and nail on the light covers of the boxes. Almost every load somehow lacked one box and that the one

"OH, BUT, MARY, I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A DROP IN SIX MONTHS."

Mary was filling, so it was natural Joe should wait for it by Mary's bench and talk while he waited.

The other girls were not slow to notice, and there were many sly little darts aimed at Joe in his absence. Mary soon learned that his deserting sin was drink. The convivialities of the cup that cheers had no fascinations for him. He abstained totally for months, only to fall grievously when the innate and agonizing thirst for liquor overcame him. Then he drank hard and long, suffering untold remorse after his appetite had been satisfied.

When bashful Joe, his acquaintance with Mary a week old, asked if he might call on the girl in her home, the clear brown eyes met his gaze frankly.

"You may, Mr. Temple," she replied, "but there is one condition. If I smell liquor on your breath, it's all off." Poor Joe blushed. "And don't use cloves to cover it up," she added emphatically. "That's so cheap a trick in a man. Besides, I'd know it just as quick."

Every Wednesday and Sunday evening thereafter found Joe at Mary's home, for he was soon very much in love. The family liked the big fellow and made more of him than the friendly but outwardly indifferent Mary. He talked politics with her father, helped her mother wind endless skeins of yarn and eased her small brother over rough places in the "three r's."

Fortnightly Joe and his sweetheart attended the dances of the Pastime Pleasure club at Hibernia hall, the teamster scrupulously sober and fairly exuding pride and happiness, while Mary's demureness was belied by the sparkle of her eyes.

Twice the old insidious longing for liquor fought with Joe's love, but was worsted. For days during these periods he trembled with the manfully suppressed longing when he passed a saloon. In the past he had fallen an easy victim; it was different now.

For a dazzling plan was taking form in Joe's honest brain. He had the home where he lived with his aged parents repainted and papered, during the long summer evenings he shingled the kitchen and built a back porch, for he was handy with tools, and several articles of furniture had been added to the living room out of his wages or savings.

Winter had come before he finally mustered up courage to ask the question which such preparations foretended. And the answer he received was not what he had hoped.

"Oh, I daren't, Joe; I daren't!" little Mary had said, the merry eyes sober for once. "I like you, but"—her voice sank to a whisper—"suppose you got drinking again? I couldn't stand that, Joe."

"Oh, but Mary, I haven't touched a drop in six months!" he responded earnestly. "And please God, if you'll marry me I'll never take another drink."

But she still shook her head. "That isn't long enough, Joe; wait six months more."

And to all his pleading this was he answer until Joe, in a burst of disappointment and wounded pride, declared the time too long to wait for any one; there were others; now—"

Mary was a girl of spirit. She tossed her brown head and commended the sulky Joseph to those "others." He could go to them; she didn't want him she was sure.

It was a sore hearted and very angry Joe who found himself alone soon after beneath the frosty winter stars the snow creaking in discords beneath his feet.

"It's no use," he said to himself bitterly. "No one cares whether I'm on the water wagon or not. That girl's just been batting me on; she doesn't care for me"—and he knew the thought was untrue while he formulated it.

"I know what I'll do. I'll go down to Joe Byers' and get slouched. No use trying to do the right thing; nothing in it. M'm, but a drink will taste good!" It occurred to him that a drink would never taste as it did before he met Mary, though.

Joe's ugly reflections kept his eyes on his path, and a jolt to his shoulder brought him up stumbling. He had walked under an iron stairway which ascended to the second story of a quaint little brick store, an obstruction which the stream of progress had not washed away.

An arc light near by shone brightly on the scarred and grizzled wall. A small, sentimentally rubbing his shoulder, he was stepping back from beneath the stairway when his eyes sensed something unusual on the wall, and he stooped to examine it.

There, sheltered by the steps and from the snow and the worst of the frost, a little clump of grass, a few four spears, clung undauntedly. The cold had withered the tips, but the heart of the plant was vigorous. No earth was visible; it flourished apparently on bare brick and mortar. Temple peered at the grass, which stood out in minutest detail beneath the strong electric light, until a suspicious policeman gruffly ordered him to move on.

When Joe had walked half a dozen blocks, pondering the phenomenon, he began to find a lesson in it for himself. "Why," his thoughts ran, "that little bunch of grass has got more grit than I have! It's shy a thinker to help it out even. The Lord put that seed on earth to grow. He didn't say: 'Find a nice rich soil somewhere, grow if you feel like it and quit when you get discouraged.' No, sir. He just commanded it to be what it's made to be, and, by thunder, that seed didn't ask any questions!

"And here I am," he went on in wholesome self scorn, "a great big bulking guy, with brains [illegible] I'm supposed to have—[illegible] down like a hound pup when things don't go to suit me. Mary, little sweetheart, that bunch o' grass was a mis'nary set to growing out of a brick wall just to show me what a chump I am. Well, I've found out in time. No booze for me! And if you say six years instead of six months I'll wait for you and be proud to do it." With a light heart he turned homeward.

Joe met a diminutive messenger boy at his own front gate. "Yer name Temple?" queried the youngster. "This is fer you then."

By the light of a single match he read the brief message:

Can't you come over, Joe? Maybe we can compromise. MARY.

"Hey, you!" shouted the boy in amazement as Joe, after ruminously pressing the note to his lips, rushed down the street. "Any answer?"

"Yes, but I'll deliver it myself," came back to him.

Cautiously the youth tested with strong teeth the dollar Temple had given him; then a grin overspread his wizened face, and he rushed up into the frosty atmosphere as if to pull on a rope. "Weddin' bells!" he commented ironically.

The Barometer.

That the barometer should be so important a factor in indicating meteorological conditions is to many an unsolvable mystery. There should, however, be no difficulty in understanding that the simple principle underlying the construction is that the free and unfettered air balances a column of mercury varying in height, according to the circumstances of the moment, whose average elevation at the level of the sea is thirty inches. It is known, because directly ascertainable, that thirty cubic inches of mercury weigh close upon fifteen pounds avoirdupois, and therefore, as commonly expressed, the pressure of the atmosphere is, under normal conditions, fifteen pounds on every square inch—equivalent to nearly a ton on a square foot, more than eight and a half tons on a square yard and of 300 tons on a square of ten and a quarter feet side. Scientific calculation also places the aggregate weight of the atmospheric envelope surrounding the world at about 5,000,000,000,000 of tons, and this may be represented as the weight of a solid leaden ball having a diameter of sixty miles. Such figures are really beyond human comprehension.

Finger Nails.

In the healthy adult the average growth of the finger nails is one-thirty-second part of an inch per week. They grow faster in health than in sickness, in summer than in winter, on the right hand than on the left, fastest on the middle finger and slowest on the thumb and little finger. The finger nails are, therefore, all renewed in from 120 to 140 days. The toenails are four times longer in growing than the finger nails.

Some years ago many learned Asiatics let their finger nails grow to such an extent that it was said they often exceeded the length of the fingers, under which they sometimes bent in the strangest curves and folds. Travelers gave the length as three inches and even more. The best authorities give the extreme length to which the finger nails grow as just upon two inches, when they become corrugated and break off.

A Sure Sign.

The honeymoon may very properly be said to be over when the wife suggests to her husband that he'd better have his trousers pressed by a tailor.—Detroit Free Press.

In Methuselah's Time.

Kind Old Lady—What ails the baby? He looks healthy, I'm sure. The Nurse—Oh, he is, the little dear! But he's peevish today on account of cutting his whiskers.—Puck.

A small teaspoonful of powdered gum arabic, with the same amount of glycerin, stirred into a tumblerful of cold water and drunk slowly, will often work wonders in quenching thirst.

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Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—causes no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

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Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

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HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

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Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,

Is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse because of the uncertainty as to their harmless character, but is a medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, *in plain English*, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its making. The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is in fact the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold through druggists, that does not contain alcohol *and that too in large quantities*. Furthermore, it is the only medicine for woman's special diseases, the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

A little book of some of these endorsements will be sent to any address, postpaid, and absolutely *free* if you request same by postal card or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 29, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The Auditorium, Port Allegany's theatre, is being wired for electricity and it is expected to be in operation by April 4th.

—Zura Tillibridge, aged 20 years, and Miss Mattie McGuire, aged 16 years, both of Abbott, Potter county, were recently married.

—Sleighing parties were numerous during the past week and brought much joy to the hearts of the liveryman as well as to the young people.

—Jacob Crotzer, an aged resident of Johnsonburg, fell into a vat of liquor at a tannery one day recently, and died shortly afterward from the shock.

—Mrs. Frank Cummings and Mrs. Alfred Hagberg were tendered a surprise party at Mrs. Cumming's home on East Green street Monday evening. The evening was very pleasantly passed and the ladies each received beautiful remembrances.

—Clarence Gayton, the Olean negro who so brutally assaulted Mrs. Franklin Acocks and sister, Miss Rice, at East Olean several weeks ago, plead guilty at Little Valley last week and was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at Auburn.

—The Olean Democrat says: J. H. Green of Smethport, who recently purchased the Denhold house on Tompkins street, and who has been engaged in the milling business in the Pennsylvania town, will engage in some business in Olean after April 1st, but has not yet decided what it will be.

—Constable Tom Young brought a man by the name of Simmons to jail Tuesday on a charge of desertion. Simmons' wife's father lives at Shingle House and he had been supporting the deserted woman while the man who had sworn to "love, honor and cherish" was spending his earnings in riotous living near Turtle Point.—Potter Journal.

—Joseph T. Odell has been named for general freight and passenger agent of the Shawmut line to succeed C. J. Renwick, resigned, and Charles H. Hammond is appointed assistant general freight and passenger agent. Mr. Hammond will also retain his place as industrial agent. The appointments are effective April 1. Frederick B. Lincoln has been appointed assistant to the receiver.—Bolivar Breese.

Ways of the Moors.

Of the elevating influence of women in the American sense Morocco knows nothing, according to Budgett Meakin, author of "Life in Morocco." There they are, in effect, so many goods and chattels. That a woman should be fat and comely, as the highest thought a Moor has on the position of women. If a girl is to be married and is thought to be too thin, she is put through a course of "stuffing," just as if she were a turkey meant for the Christmas market. This consists of swallowing after each full meal a few balls sausage shaped bolluses of flour, honey and butter, flavored with aniseed or something similar. A few months of this treatment give a marvelous rotundity to the figure, thus greatly increasing her charms to the native eye."

As a people the Moors are already well inclined to anything that gilds life. The same writer says: "Nothing delights them more, as a means of agreeably spending an hour or two, than squatting on their heels in the streets or on some door step gazing at the passersby, exchanging compliments with their acquaintances. Native swells consequently promenade with a piece of felt under their arms, on which to sit when they wish, in addition to its *doing duty as a carpet for prayer*. The most public places and usually the cool of the afternoon are preferred for this pastime."

Petrified Beetles.

One of the several geological formations of England is that known to those who make such matters a study as the "lias." This stratum is variously known as "the beetle rocks," "insect stones" and "wing case chalk." Wherever this formation is found exposed or is encountered by miners, well diggers and others it is found to be formed almost entirely of the petrified wing cases of a kind of beetle peculiar to Britain in the geological age in which that particular stratum was formed. The lime in the composition which makes up the body of the stratum has transformed the original matter of these delicate wing cases into a hard, smooth chalk, and on that account some geologists list the formation under the head of "insect lime stone." Geologists account for the presence of these countless numbers of insect remains in this way: At one time the whole stratum was the bottom of an immense lake. For countless ages the beetles died on its surface, and their shells sank to the bottom. Finally the lake dried up, and the chemical action and the heat of the sun transformed the whole into a stratum of stone and preserved it to the present day. So we now have the wonderful "insect stones" to ponder over.

Where Man's Influence Is Fatal.

Man is the only animal which is always uncompanionable by disease except those creatures that are his companions and share his patronage. There is reason to believe that the denizens of the forests, the veld, the rivers and the ocean, so far as they escape man's influence, live, with hardly an exception healthy lives. Chronic ailments begin with man's protection in the dairy, stable and kennel. Man has created artificial conditions with which the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to" are associated. It is now his supreme task to bring these conditions into harmony with the laws of his being. Sickness and debility are not to be regarded as natural and inevitable parts of our heritage, but as the fruits of rebellion against nature's laws, and therefore to be got rid of. If the human family dwelt in ventilated houses, breathed pure air, lived temperately, with little or no alcohol, and took daily exercise in the open, it would perhaps know little more of gout, rheumatism, cancer, fever, lumbago, dyspepsia, asthma and the host of infectious troubles than do the lower animals.—London Telegraph.

An Old News Rag.

A curious relic of the old days of the paper duties which so much hampered journalistic enterprise in the first half of the present century is the first number of Berthold's Political Handkerchief, being a news sheet printed on cotton fabric instead of paper. It is dated London, Saturday, Sept. 3, 1831; price, tuppence. And the letterpress, which is fairly legible, is as remarkable as the material on which it is printed. The tone of this news rag is intensely radical, but it reproduces the order of ceremonial to be observed at the coronation of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide on the following Thursday, and it is announced that a proclamation to the people of Europe will appear in our "next cotton." It is embellished with a medallion wood cut of Napoleon crossing the Alps, but the ink in this pictorial effort was too much for the cotton, and the Alps are in a fog and the emperor, on horseback very indistinct.—London Mail.

Flattery and Softening.

For centuries women have tried to get the word that carries the proposition of the ring to the lover by friends of misery. Diplomacy has been tried and found wanting. "My looks," my young miss, "those conditions are not found in the best circles. "My looks" is a term used in Germany, but not "yours" in England. "My sweetheart" is pretty enough, but it lacks the official sound. Young men and maidens become engaged and marry, but they have to create the skittish for the word that leads them to the altar. One might suggest to the blushing girl who has to allude to the man of her acceptance "my future." French maidens speak of "mon futur," and it sounds comprehensive.—London Chronicle.

Advertising.

Until business is successful with a proper store, proper employees and the right amount of capital, it must be assumed that these three conditions are essential to the conduct of profitable trade, and it is as obvious that so long as advertising accompanies the business of profit advertising is necessary for the upbuilding of business. The mere appearance of advertising indicates that business is being done or will be done, and so long as everybody prefers to buy of men of success rather than of men of failure just so long will the man who advertises be likely to do the largest business.

The Moat.

Before the days of artillery the moat was an effective means of defense, particularly when filled with water. In very large forts or castles it sometimes assumed the dimensions of a lake, being often 100 yards wide and ten to twenty feet deep. The moat was crossed by a drawbridge, which could be raised at an instant's notice. When the moat was too wide to permit of this bridge covering the entire distance a slight wooden bridge was employed.

Its Curious Origin.

The word "eavesdropper" has a curious origin. In the early part of last century the penalty of listening to an overlooking secret assemblies, especially Masonic ones, was suspension under the eaves of a house on a rainy day till the water ran through the clothing and down to the shoes of the offender.—London Express.

Court Terms.

A court of law is a reminiscence of the time when justice sat in the open courtyard, and the "dock" is from a German word meaning a receptacle, while the "bar" is a Welsh word meaning a branch of a tree used to separate the lords of justice from their vassals.

His Revolution.

"Speaking of revolutions," began the loquacious man, "I was the central figure in one myself once."

"Somewhere in South America?"

"No; in Massachusetts. I got caught in the shafting of a woolen mill."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Marked.

"This," said the enthusiastic young reporter, "is going to be one of the best stories the paper has had for a month. Now, mark my words."

Whereupon the editor seized his large club shaped blue pencil and so did.

Grit.

Grit is the grain of character. It may be described as heroism materialized—spirit and will thrust into heart, brain and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man.—Whipple.

Pride of Ancestry.

"I'm proud of the fact that my grandfather used to split rails," declared Swellsome Donothing.

"So?" said his friend.

"Yes, indeed. If he hadn't I'd probably have been splitting wood myself instead of blowing in his money."—Detroit Free Press.

Lunching In Congress.

Visitors in Washington nearly always call upon their congressman from their district, and the latter, if of hospitable turn, frequently invites them to luncheon in the congress restaurant, a privilege highly prized by the average visitor. Once a number of women called upon a wealthy congressman and were duly invited to have luncheon with him, which they promptly and gladly accepted, and when seated proceeded to order a luncheon substantial enough for day laborers. When the check for the luncheon was handed to the congressman and he handed a bill for the amount to the waiter, one of the women remarked that she thought congressmen did not have to pay for their meals there or she would not have ordered so much. The congressman, says the narrator, explained that paying for luncheons was one of the pleasant privileges which were still permitted to the congressmen by an indulgent government and that it was one which they especially enjoyed. "And visitors help us enjoy it, too," he added.—Baltimore American.

Contagion and Infection.

The terms contagion and infection are too often used promiscuously, though they are by no means synonymous. The dissemination of zymotic diseases takes place in different ways. There are those which cannot be communicated from person to person, but spread only by the introduction of the infectious cause into the individual. To this class belong malarial fevers produced by miasmata. There are, secondly, those which are not communicable from person to person, but through external carriers only, such as soil, water, food, air, clothing and utensils. To that class belong yellow fever and Asiatic cholera. They are infectious. There are, finally, those which may be transmitted directly from a person or indirectly through carriers. To this class belong scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, variola, influenza, erysipelas and varicella, perhaps also whooping cough. They are contagious and infectious.

Courting Customs of Siam.

In Siam the lighting of a cigar indicates a betrothal. In that country a person wishing to become engaged to the girl of his choice offers her a flower or takes a light from a cigar or cigarette if she happens to have one in her mouth, and thereupon, provided there is no impediment, steps are at once taken to arrange for the payment of the dowry. The families of the bride and bridegroom have each to provide a considerable sum. In Calabria, as in many parts of India, a lighted taper or a lighted pipe betokens the acceptance of the suitor for the hand of a lady in marriage. In Siberia it is the custom that when a suitor has been accepted by a girl she presents him with a box of cigars and a pair of slippers as a sign that he is to be master in the house.

Japan's Pancake Women.

One of the familiar sights on the streets of a Japanese town is the pancake woman, who, with her little brazier of coals and her tiny frying pan, is usually found on a corner not far from a school. She has a bowl full of delicious batter, a ladle and a cake turner, and there is sure to be a hungry crowd around her little stand as soon as school is out, for not many of the children are able to resist the smell of the crisp pancakes, at least if they have any money. For a small coin worth only a fraction of one of our pennies a child may fry and turn his own cakes, and happy is the one who has a number of coins in his little kimono sleeve and can fry and eat to his heart's content.

Official Correspondence.

A fourth class postmaster—and he doesn't live in Billville—sent the following to headquarters in Washington:

"This wil make three times that I've told you I'm laid up with a bad leg, havin' shot myself in the left leg—the one that was wounded in the war—while I wuz tryin' to kill a squirrel for my breakfast, and I will not be besides, I don't git much holiday no how!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Scotland Yard.

Scotland Yard, widely known as the headquarters of the London police, is a historical place, said to have been the site of a palace where kings of Scotland were received when they came to London. It is near the banqueting hall, Whitehall. The Scotch kings retained possession of it from 950 till the rebellion of William of Scotland. Milton, Sir Christopher Wren and other notables lived in Scotland Yard.

Why?

The following advertisement appeared in a prominent London newspaper:

Wanted.—Experienced business woman as manageress, floorwalker, supervisor; not necessarily experienced in hairdressing, but must be useful, reliable and born about Sept. 22.—Harper's Weekly.

Two Kinds of People.

There are two great promoters of social happiness—cheerful people and people who have some reticence. The latter are more secure benefits to society than the former. They are the conductors of all the heats and animosities around them.

A Mean Insinuation.

Miss Ingenue—Aren't you nearly ready to go to the ball? Miss Passay—I haven't made up my mind to go yet, Miss Ingenue—Oh, do you have to make that up too?—Cleveland Leader.

In proportion to population, mate drinking is more common in those parts of South America where the plant grows than tea drinking in the tea districts of China.

Considerate.

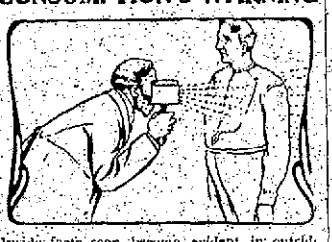
X. (an incorrigible borrower)—Lend me a fiver, old man. Y. (weakly lending him £4 19s.)—I'm keeping the other shilling to pay for the postage of the letters which I shall have to write you before I get my money back. X. (coolly)—Keep 5 shillings, then. That will give me more time.—London Tit-Bits.

THE ISLAND OF FIRE.

Java's Wonderful Lake of Boiling Mud and Slime.

The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated Chieko Kamdkn Gumko, or Home of the Hot Devils, known to the world as the Island of Fire. This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud situated at about the center of the plains of Grobogann and is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. The island is about two miles in circumference and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the center of this geological freak immense columns of soft hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and then again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of boiling mud columns there are scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions, the intensity of the detonations varying with the size of the bubble. In times past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall, spirelike column of baked mud on the west side of the lake which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated, and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and slime, a marvel to the visitors who come from great distances to see it.

CONSUMPTION'S WARNING



Inside facts soon become evident in outside symptoms.—Dr. G. G. Green.

¶The aid of scientific inventions is not needed to determine whether your lungs are affected. The first symptoms can be readily noted by anyone of average intelligence.

¶There is no disease known that gives so many plain warnings of its approach a consumption, and no serious disease that can be so quickly reached and checked if the medicine used is Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which is made to cure consumption.

¶It is in the early stages that German Syrup should be taken, when warnings are given by the cough that won't quit, the congestion of the bronchial tubes and the gradual weakening of the lungs, accompanied by frequent expectoration.

¶But no matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has already attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble.

¶New trial bottles, 25c. Regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

A Hostess

who does her share of entertaining, wants her house in perfect repair. If she conducts a guest to

The Lavatory

and finds it out of ordered she is covered with confusion. There isn't any occasion for bad plumbing in this town while we're alive. Call us to and have it fixed right.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT.

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Lindholm Co.

NEW BELTS AND BAGS

The kind you want and at a price beyond comprehension.

Did you ever stop to consider value in a hand bag or purse.

We ask you to compare one of the bags we offer this week with any 75c bag offered and see if we are not right.

A genuine leather bag well lined with coin purse leather, covered frame, leather handle. They are not a special drive. Just our every day price, 50c

Others at 75c, $1, $1.50 and up to $7.50.

Don't fail to get one of the newest belts. All good styles from 25c to $1.50.

The Lindholm Co.

Munnsville Plows

SUPERIOR POINTS

They have speed.
They are adapted to all kinds of soil.
They work easily; a boy can handle them.
They're strong and durable and last for years.
They're made of specially prepared materials.
They're made by people who have been doing nothing else for years but make good plows.

The Munnsville Flat Land No. 1 ..... $14.00
The Munnsville Side Hill No. 14 ..... 12.50
The Munnsville Rough & Ready 10.00

H. H. REDFIELD

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 29, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Ladies will be especially interested in The Lindholm Co. ad this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Colegrove entertained a party of friends last evening.

—Boys suits lowly priced at Monheimer's. See his bargain ad on this page.

—Spring plowing will soon be in order and Redfield advertises plows in this issue.

—"Human Hearts," always popular in Smethport, at the Lyceum next Wednesday night.

—The appointment of J. C. Gallup as postmaster of Smethport, was confirmed by the Senate on Tuesday.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman has a timely ad in this issue announcing a millinery opening. Don't overlook it.

—Miss Ida Morgan, a Warner College graduate, has accepted a good position with Mr. Vosberg at Pittsburg.

—John Staff, who has been a patient at the County Home for some time, died at the Kane hospital Sunday evening of heart trouble.

—The sterling melodramatic sensation, "Human Hearts," is announced as the attraction at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening, April 4.

—Friday morning was the coldest of the winter, thermometers in different parts of the borough registering from 16 to 21 degrees below zero.

—Miss Maze Kissock entertained several of her girl friends at the home of her parents on King street at dinner last evening in honor of her seventeenth birthday.

—Street Commissioner Eagan goes at things in the right way. He is cleaning out the ditches before the water outs the roads up instead of waiting until after the damage is done.

—Jonas Artley, aged 75 years, died at his home in Bradford on Tuesday. For many years Mr. Artley was proprietor of the American House at East Bradford and he had many friends throughout the county.

—Archdeacon L. F. Cole of Pittsburg conducted the services at St. Luke's church last Sunday. During the offertory at the morning service Mrs. Belle N. Doughty of Warren rendered the contralto solo, "Hark, Hark My Soul," in a very pleasing manner.

—A. L. Colegrove, formerly of this borough, now proprietor of the Commercial Hotel at Mt. Jewett, has sent us a couple of neat souvenir postal cards bearing pictures of his popular hostelry.

—In the State Hospital for the Insane at Warren there are 1,146 patients, 573 of each sex. The asylum is over-crowded, but several cottages are being built that will accommodate nearly three hundred persons.

—On Sunday next the Methodist ministers of the Olean district will exchange pulpits in the interests of Missions. The Rev. W. G. Schoapflin of Eldred will preach morning and evening in Smethport, and Rev. W. A. Harris will preach in Eldred.

—Bell Bros. of Olean, have an advertisement in this issue which calls attention to their spring opening which commences to-day and lasts the rest of the week. This well known store can be depended upon to have the latest and best that makes up a complete department store. If in Olean call on them.

—The sensational reports in circulation regarding the condition of Miss Lena Shepard of Port Allegany, formerly of this place, should be set at rest by the news that Miss Shepard suffered a collapse from nervousness one day last week and was taken to her home where she received the attention of a physician.

—Members of Fidelity Grange tendered Mr. and Mrs. Orsa Nourse a very pleasant surprise party last Thursday evening at their home in Keating township. Elegant refreshments were served and everybody had a good time. The participants presented Mr. and Mrs. Nourse with a handsome and useful drop light.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Fifth Sunday in Lent, April 1) morning prayer and sermon at 10:30 a. m., Sunday school at 12 m., evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 p. m. Services in All Saints' chapel at 2:30 p. m. Wednesday, April 4, litany at 9 a. m., children's address at 4:15 p. m. Friday, April 6, litany at 9 a. m., evening prayer and address at 7:30 p. m.

—Eugene Mullin, Esq., offers to donate a tract of land formerly owned by Governor McKean, for whom this county is named, to the McKean County Historical Society, for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of that great man, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. More than 100 years ago McKean acquired title to this tract of land by deed from J. Bull. It has been known as the "Bull tract." The offer is a generous one and the suggestion of Mr. Stone that the spot be marked is also excellent.—Bradford Herald.

—Rev. Father M. E. Tracy of Houtzdale, Pa., has been appointed Irremovable Pastor of St. Thomas' R. C. church at Corry by Bishop Fitzmaurice and has assumed his duties. Father Tracy is 70 years of age. He was in Houtzdale eight years. He succeeds the late Father Lonergan, who died some months ago.

—R. F. Pickard, justice of the peace and attorney, of Jamestown, while trying a divorce case, was called to another room to perform a wedding ceremony, uniting Earl Wolfe of Niobe and Miss Jessie Warner, formerly of Smethport. After tying the knot he went back to his other task of untying the other couple. Variety certainly.—Eldred Eagle.

—John H. Green and family, who have made Smethport their home for the past several years, are moving their household goods to Olean this week. Mr. Green was formerly identified with the Acme grist mill in this place, but disposed of his interests several months ago. Smethport greatly regrets the loss of Mr. Green and family from the town, but wishes them prosperity and happiness in their new home.

—Rev. T. D. Ware will begin his present pastorate of the Baptist church next Sunday, preaching at the usual hour morning and evening. Subject for morning service, "Some Essentials to the True Success of Church Life; evening subject, "The Helpful Purpose of Jesus." The Young Peoples' meeting and Sunday school as usual. Rev. Ware will preach at East Smethport Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, subject, "Some Difficulties Made Easy."

"Human Hearts."

"Human Hearts," the idyl of the Arkansas Hills, will be at the Lyceum, Smethport, Wednesday, April 4. Like "Shore Acres" and "The Old Homestead," time only increases its hold upon the hearts of the people. The prattle of an innocent child, the tears of an old blind mother, the strong love of a simple country girl, the truth of a half-wit, the love of an old time negro, the passion of an adventuress and the tender memory of a dead mother of the past of the Governor of Arkansas, are all cleverly intermingled by the deft hand of the author of this absorbing tale of Arkansas hills. Each succeeding season of this thrilling play's annually increasing business, has induced the management to engage for this season's production one of the strongest companies ever organized in one cast. To the lovers of a good play, not one on the list this season will appeal more strongly than "Human Hearts."

Use More Native Stone.

Hemlock lumber is now quoted at $21 per thousand for No. 1. An exchange remarks that brick buildings will soon be cheaper than wood. Probably true; and along that thought is one of wonderment that the splendid native stone of this portion of Pennsylvania does not come into more general use. It is so easily obtained, so readily worked, and withstands weather remarkably well, growing harder as it gets more exposure. In combination with glass, of which it is the base, our native stone would make the most durable and handsome of homes.—Kane Leader.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 24, 1906:

Alex Cunningham, Miss Stella Sindley, Peter Thompson. Foreign—John Stoneburg, Ricci Pasquale.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the trustees of St. Elizabeth's church will let to the lowest bidder the contract for the erection of a church building at the corner of Main and Franklin streets, on April 17, 1906. All bids must be filed on or before noon of said day. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. Plans and specifications may be seen by calling on Rev. J. F. Dugan, Smethport, Pa., or at Fox's Hardware store, Bradford, Pa. J. F. DUGAN,

Smethport, Pa., March 28, 1906.

Notice to Dog Owners.

On and after April 1, 1906, all dogs and bitches found within the limits of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, not wearing tags, will be seized and dealt with according to law.

The said tags can be procured from Edgar W. Strong, burgess, at one ($1.00) dollar each.

For Sale.

"Spring Hill Farm Jerseys" bull calves for sale from 6 to 18 months old. For pedigree and price inquire of E. G. Dusenbury, Portville, N. Y.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Inquire of Mrs. Robt. Hamilton.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

A "Printzess" Suit? Yes it came from Lindholm's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Daily Occurrence at the Home of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure.

Columbus, Pa., Feb. 5, 1906.

Mr. Phillips:

Dear Sir:—Please send me one bottle of Crocker's Rheumatic Remedy. I got two bottles a short time ago and if is doing me so much good I shall keep on taking it. It is a wonderful medicine for Rheumatism.

Mr. Frank Woodard.

Columbus, Pa., Box 177.

Money order enclosed.

For sale by L. E. Hogarth.

Personal Mention.

Neil Gleason spent Sunday with relatives in Ceres, N. Y.

Mrs. J. C. Backus visited her parents in Eldred this week.

Geo. M. Morrison was down from Hazelhurst on business Tuesday.

Misses Emma Hendstrom and Hilda Johnson are visiting friends in Olean.

Mrs. R. C. Gleason returned Monday from a visit with relatives in Emporium.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer departed Tuesday morning for a few days' visit in Buffalo.

J. C. Backus is transacting business in New York and Washington this week.

Editor Tom M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald had business in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Watkins, in St. Marys this week.

Mrs. G. W. Mitchell, who has been visiting in Parkersburg, W. Va., returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Anna Smith of Hornellsville, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Brant, returned home Monday.

Chas. E. McCoy is home from Cornell college for a few days' visit with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Snell B. Sawyer left for Galeton Saturday afternoon after spending a week as the guest of his sister, Mrs. C. H. MacVean of East King street.

W. I. Lewis of Coudersport spent Sunday in town. He was accompanied home Monday by Mrs. Lewis, who had been visiting her mother, Mrs. E. H. Colegrove.

Mrs. John J. Miller, nee Bessie Hussey, who has been visiting relatives and friends in town for the past few weeks, departed on Tuesday for her home in Nashville, Tenn.

C. H. MacVean and Mrs. E. W. Workley returned Saturday morning from the home of their parents at York, N. Y., where they had been to attend the wedding of their sister.

Mrs. Belle N. Doughty of Warren, Great Deputy Commander of the L. O. T. M., is in town this week in the interest of the Lady Maccabees. Mrs. Doughty is a guest of Mrs. F. C. Pierce.

Rev. A. Bean of Brockwayville was in town over Sunday, the guest of his sister, Mrs. S. D. Metzgar. On Monday next Rev. Bean, in company with about thirty families, will leave for Colville, Wash., to make their future home.

Dissolution Notice.

The firm doing business as Carrie Reilly Clark & Co., having been dissolved by mutual consent, the business in Smethport will be continued by Mrs. Carrie Clark, who will assume all debts of said firm and collect all monies due the said firm.

MRS. CARRIE CLARK,
MISS M. M. HIBBARD.

Smethport, Pa., March 28, 1906.

Does the little one need new shoes? Try a "Maloney." Lindholm's.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Wednesday, April 4th

W. E. NANKEVILLE'S

GREAT MELODRAMATIC TRIUMPH

HUMAN HEARTS

AN IDYL OF THE ARKANSAS HILLS.

The Acme of Dramatic Realism, presented with a cast of Admirable Excellence; a wealth of Scenic Splendor and a Fidelity to Detail that makes this Play the Positive Sensation of the Century.

PRICES:

25, 35, 50 and 75c

Reserved seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

At MONHEIMER'S

Now Ready

the most stylish and best made line of

Boys and Youths SUITS

ever shown in McKean Co. This is saying a great deal but —come in and be convinced. To introduce this splendid line we will sell them for ONE WEEK ONLY—absolutely without PROFIT to us, which means a saving to you of from 75c to $1.50 on each suit.

We simply want you to get acquainted with our new boys suits—hence this reduction.

Wm. Monheimer.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c — ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

We offer this week several bargains in seasonable goods things your wanting right along these days. New things are continually arriving. You'll be interested in the New Dress Goods, Silks, Shirt Waists, The "Butterfly" Tailored Skirts. Neckwear and Monarch Shirts for men.

In the house furnishings there's a lot of new Carpets, Mattings, Linoleums, Lace Curtains, Draperies, etc.

Below we call your attention to a few items which are so much underpriced that the most exacting shopper must pronounce them rare bargains indeed. They only serve to point the way to other savings equally marked that this store affords.

500 yds. all Silk Black Taffeta Ribbons, perfect goods, 2 to 3½ in. wide, per yd. 10c, 4 to 5 in. wide, per yd. 17c.

144 Ladies' Embroidered Stock Collars, worth 25c, white and assorted colors, each 10c

25 prs. Lace Curtains, white and ecru, full sizes, worth $1.75, special per pair $1.28

FRY & COMES

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD.

BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS.

Brick, Cement, Lime, Wall Plaster,

Sewer Pipe, Ruberoid Roofing.

Wagon Repairing, Carriage Painting,

Custom Sawing.

Cash paid for good merchantable logs.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

PRILL'S Reduction Sale

is on. Reducing stock before inventory. Great bargains in every line. Now is the time to buy Diamonds and Watches.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Emperor and Puritan 20c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

AT THE PLAY PARTY

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Mary-Cindy swung down the line, waving and weaving, her hands as high as her head, all the while chanting with the rest:

"Whirl about and wheel about, Rose Betsy Lina!
Wheel about and twirl about, Ro-sa Betsy Lina!
Twirl about, whirl about, Ro-sa Betsy Li-na!
I want you for my d-a-r-l-i-n-g!"

Her chanting was thin and sweet, a fine thread of melody through the ramping, romping chorus, which the rhythmic footfalls, heavy or light, accented into something weird, almost barbaric. The motion, too, had a touch of primitive savagery—it was so free, so unrestrained, so vividly vital.

The row of players ran all the big room's length, men one side, women the other, with the topmost couple ever changing as those who had stood head swung down the middle together, then separated, meeting and parting and swinging as they met up the sides again. The play was no more than a reel, lacking only the piping or the fiddling. But good Mrs. Dowdell, who held dancing a deadly sin, stood by looking on happily and laughing heartily at the antics and shuffings of the more vigorous players.

Mary-Cindy's foot was as light as thistledown. Her mother thought proudly how clumsy she made the other girls look, unintentionally, of course. Mary-Cindy would not think of willfully outshining them thus in her own house at her very first party.

Mrs. Dowdell had been doubtful over the party. Now she was very glad she had let Mary-Cindy have her way. The trouble had been nothing to speak of, and as for the expense—well, she reckoned she could call in the neighborhood young folk to feast and frolic this one night without asking anybody's leave. What if she had not quite paid back all the money she had to borrow when her husband died? She owed it to her brother, a bachelor, and as fond as he could be of Mary-Cindy. Certainly he wouldn't make her trouble. As for other folks, let them say what they pleased.

Thus the good dame said to herself openly in her upper mind. Down beneath she felt that the party was worth while because it had brought young Ellerton again within range of Mary-Cindy's eyes. He had seemed struck with her at the big meeting, now six weeks back, but had somehow not come to call, as she had confidently expected he would. But nobody could say she had run after him. His coming was, after a sort, accidental. She had but said to Jack Edwards that he might fetch whatever young men he chose, and Jack had chosen to bring Ellerton.

Ellerton had insisted upon being Mary-Cindy's partner in all the plays. He had said, too, he was going to make her take him in to supper, so as to be sure of getting a full share of the good things. All night he had been laughing and as full of pranks as a boy just out of school. He had even been audacious enough to drag Mrs. Dowdell herself into one play for a single round, of course—and he had fallen into the way of calling her Mammy Dowdell, as did all the other boys, whom she had about half brought up.

"Ain't he a gay one? I wonder how his wife'd like it if she knowed his carryin's on!" Pamela Ricks said in Mrs. Dowdell's ear, nodding as she spoke toward Ellerton.

Pamela, tall and twenty, had been very pretty. Now, at thirty, thinning, fading, with her soul on edge, she was spiteful withal, a gossip of the first water. But Mrs. Dowdell was a match for her.

"Nobody's wife has got any call to mind her husband's bein' at my house, party or no party," she said, with her coldest smile. "But I believe in bein' keerful. That's why I told Frank Ellerton he'd have to put up mostly with Mary-Cindy tonight. I wouldn't have him beanin' around the other gals. I knowed Mary-Cindy'd keep him out o' mischief."

Pamela's jaw dropped. "La, I thought you didn't know—no more'n the rest," she ejaculated.

Just then the rush to supper swept her away—supper which meant hot roast turkey, barbecued pig, nine kinds of cake and five of custard, not to name hot coffee and brandy fruit. Mrs. Dowdell had stinted nothing, but somehow as she glanced up and down the long table she had set with such housewifely pride it seemed to her suddenly to hold naught but dust and ashes. She nadlied bravely to Pamela. It was the only thing to do if she would save her child from Pamela's sharp tongue. Her heart went down, down as she looked to the farther end of the room and saw Mary-Cindy with cheeks like damask roses and starry eyes laughing at something young Ellerton had said, then suddenly darting from him to greet a late arrival.

"You don't deserve a bawer so crumb of supper, you horrid, hateful Slowpoke," she said to the newcomer with a smile that took all sting from the words. "You tried your best to slight my party, but you couldn't," she went on. "Don't try to make excuses, I know."

"My excuse made itself. It's waitin' for us outside," Billy Acton said very low as he spoke, stepping between Mary-Cindy and the rest. "I wish you'd come and see it," he went on. "I found it in the road, and what to with it beats me plumb and clean."

"What? Who is it?" Mary-Cindy whispered as Billy half dragged her toward a seated figure in the deserted big room. "You ask," Billy whispered back. "All I know is it's somebody huntin' up Frank Ellerton—somebody that had got stuck in the mud down this side the creek. The buggy axle broke, and we had a time spellin' it."—

"You said we should find my husband. Where is he?" the figure demanded, rising up and turning to face the pair, "Mr. Ellerton, I mean. Tell him to come at once."

"Call him!" Mary-Cindy said, wheeling upon Billy. She was white and trembling, but her voice rang clear. The stranger girl looked at her curiously with eyes full of dancing lights—lights that matched well the wivery color in her cheeks. But she still nothing until Billy came back with young Ellerton, who started at sight of her yet evidently not in dismay. He caught both her hands and looked down at her with a working face, his eyes asking questions his lips could not frame.

"Frank! Oh, Frank! It's all right—we're friends again—and free!" the stranger cried joyously, flinging her arms about his neck and hugging him tight. "And I'm so glad I almost love you," she went on. "They wanted to send for you—said I ought to wait until you came, but you know I hate waiting. I simply had to come and tell you the good news."

"You darling Edith," Frank said affectionately, patting her cheek. Then he turned to the wondering pair beside him and explained, still keeping hold of Edith's hand. "We've had fearful trouble, all for nothing. You see, we got married in a joke—not in the least meaning to do it—two years back. When we found out we were tied hard and fast our people, who were delighted to have us tied, tried hard to persuade us into accepting the situation. All we would agree to was to wait awhile, a year or such matter, before undertaking to set ourselves free. But the longer we thought of the tie the less we liked being bound, although we kept on being the best possible friends. And then there came a time when we both found out things—things about ourselves and other people. We didn't want a divorce. Indeed, we couldn't well get it. Annulment was hardly practicable, so we were at our wits' end. And then a blessed lawyer dug out the chance of facilitation of marriage, and somehow he has carried it through, and we're consequently ready to dance at each other's wedding."

"Yes," Edith said, nodding and blushing, then holding out her hand to Mary-Cindy. "Mine is next week. You must be sure to come. Will you do it?"

"Certainly she will," Ellerton answered before Mary-Cindy could speak. "She'll come and be your matron of honor. You know I'm going to be Jim Bent's best man."

"I'm glad you have it all settled," Mary-Cindy said, running away, but with a blush that promised all the most eager lover could ask.

According to the Letter.

There are some literal minded persons who are never satisfied with the spirit of the law, but who consider it necessary to enter into compromise with the letter. Of such was an old citizen of Hopkinton, N. H., a good many years ago, and his juggling with his conscience is recorded by the Lord in the records of the town.

The old man used to boast that he never went back on his exact word, but had no compunctions in going round it. Once he wished to buy a certain tract of land, and when the owner named the price he exclaimed:

"I won't give it! I tell you I will never give it!"

The owner did not yield nevertheless. A few days afterward the old man called again. He said nothing about the land, but stepped into the owner's barn and picked up a flail.

"What's that?" he asked.

"That? Oh, that's a flail."

"So you call that a flail, do you? Well, what would you take for it?"

The owner named a very small sum.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the old man. "I'll give you the price you mentioned for your land and this flail. And you mustn't forget the flail. It must be included in the deed."

So the legal instrument was duly made out, signed and delivered, recording the purchase of a certain tract of land situated thus and so and bounded as follows, and also a certain flail."

Evolutionary Shopping.

Mrs. Compton looked at her patient but bewildered husband with an expression of good natured superiority. "Dear me, George," she said cheerfully, "I don't see the use of my trying to explain to you, but I'm perfectly willing to do it, of course.

"I did intend, as you say, to buy a kitchen table and I came home with a hall mirror. But it was an absolutely natural change.

"First I looked at kitchen tables. Then the clerk called my attention to the kitchen cabinets, with drawers and everything. Then I said how much they looked like bureaus, except that they had no glass. Then he showed me one with a glass, and then he said he had such a pretty bureau if I cared to look at it.

"So I looked at that, and it was pretty, but the glass was rather small. So then he showed me a dressing case with a good sized mirror, and I said what nice glass it was. And then he said, 'If you want to get a fine piece of glass, let me show you one of our new hall mirrors.'

"And of course, George, you can understand that when I saw that beautiful mirror I had to have it, and you know you don't like me to run up bills in new places, and I hadn't enough to buy a kitchen table, too, so—now isn't it clear?"—Youth's Companion.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS
CONSUMPTION

Her Guardian

By FRANK H. SWEET

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"Then you think you have everything you will need, may need?"

"Everything? Oh, Mr. Barclay!" The girl's eyes were misty with tears. "What makes you so thoughtful of me? At school there was no other girl who had such beautiful and dainty things. And it was not money, for many of them were wealthy. They said I had such exquisite taste, and it was not I at all, but you who procured them and who influenced me into the way of wanting such things, and it used to be the same before I went to school and has been so since I graduated and came home. You are always influencing me toward what is most beautiful in life and then bestowing it on me so lavishly."

Mr. Barclay's hand moved uneasily among the papers.

"I promised your father"— he began, when she interrupted him with an imperious motion of her hand.

"Yes, yes, I know, but most guardians would have been satisfied with keeping a general oversight and paying the bills. You have been my most intimate friend from the time my father died, when I was only twelve. Why," laughing, and her voice quivering a little, "I have told you my secrets and love affairs as few of the girls I know tell their own mothers. It has seemed perfectly natural. You were interested in them, or appeared to be, and never requested me to keep away from the boys. Indeed, I think you always favored my going with them, only you were careful to inquire about their habits."

She was in a reminiscent mood, and though her eyes were still moist and tender, her lips were half parted in amused recollection.

"What a lot of boys I must have told you about, Mr. Barclay," she went on, "all those of my early school days, then the ones I met at college and now the young men who have been calling on me during my six months here. You know about the ones I like best, and those I just tolerate."

"I am afraid you are a sad girl, Elinor," he said.

"Yes, I am afraid I am," she agreed readily, her face becoming clouded. "But what can I do? The boys seem nice, and I like them, but some way when I come to know them better they all fall a little short, and I have to let them go. I have felt awfully sorry for some of them, but there was no other way. Two or three who are coming here now are really talented and will make successful men, I am sure, but I have a premonition what my verdict will be. *They almost reach my ideal*," the lurking mischief again returning to her eyes, "but not quite."

"Perhaps your ideal is too high."

"Perhaps," demurely, "but you fixed it for me, and you have made it so much of my being that I cannot stoop to a lower one now."

"Well, I am glad. The ideal will come along some day, and then there will be no mistake. Are your trunks all packed?"

"Yes, I can get ready in a few minutes, and there is over an hour. That is why I came down to have a—a last talk with you, Mr. Barclay."

He winced ever so slightly. She had always called him uncle until the past few months. Now it was Mr. Barclay. She was older, of course, and was growing away from him. And she would be absent for two whole years. What would it be like when she returned?

"Yes," he said, his voice a little dreary with the thought, "I was waiting for you to come down. It will be a long, delightful two years for you, and I hope you will enjoy them thoroughly. Mrs. Carruth has the reputation of being the best chaperon in the country. She will take you everywhere, and you will meet nice people. I will give your letters to some I wish you to know. Dr. Laurens is going abroad on the same steamer, I hear, so you will have a chance to meet him after all. I was sorry for his peremptory summons to the hospital that day I invited him here, but of course his professional duties should come first. I shall ask him to look you up and request Mrs. Carruth to present him. Dr. Laurens is one of the most brilliant and noble men I know and is making himself an enviable reputation, and he is only three years older than you are, Elinor."

"Don't, Mr. Barclay!" she implored, with sudden pain in her voice. "Please do not talk that way. You mean well, but I—I do not like it just now. This is the only home I remember much about, and I am going away for a long, long time. Let us not talk of other people. When I left college I looked forward to coming home and living quietly, as we did before I went away, when we read books and played chess and talked over things. But you thought I should go into society and meet people, so you left your books and took me everywhere and introduced me to everybody. I think I must have met all the noted people, especially the young men, in the whole city and surrounding country. And now I am to go abroad to meet people and people and people! I suppose it is for the best and my good, but I am not brilliant enough to appreciate it. I—I should have liked the chess and books so much better."

His face was turned away from her now, but his voice was steady.

"Yes, it is for the best, Elinor. It is right for a girl to marry, and she should know men before she is ready to make a choice. Some girls are acquainted with only a few, and the best of these is her standard of manhood. Perhaps just on these her limited acquaintance are there are a few men who are stronger and nobler in every way. This girl has been cheated. I don't want your life like that. I have done the best for you in the way of an education. As a conscientious guardian could I do less for the rest of your life? It is not that I want you to go, Elinor; it is not that I have any inclination to be a match maker. It is because—because I can do nothing else, being myself." He looked at his watch abruptly. "Twenty minutes," he suggested.

"So late? Well, I will go and get ready."

At the door she paused, looking back. "You must excuse my talk about your liberality, Mr. Barclay," she said wistfully. "But—but I could not go away without saying something."

Halfway up the stairs she paused again. She had forgotten the letters of introduction, and it would be more convenient to put them in her bag before starting.

When she re-entered the library Mr. Barclay's face was buried in his arms upon the desk. He was tired, she thought, and perhaps grieving a little at her going away.

It was not until she reached the desk and was about to pick up the letters that he noticed her presence and raised his head with a quick, surprised motion. His eyes were frank, unguarded, his lips trembling.

She gazed at him a moment, then her womanly instinct in a flash comprehended.

"Oh, Mr. Barclay—Robert—do you"—

But he had controlled himself by a great effort.

"Forget this, Elinor, forever," he interrupted harshly. "I was weak for a moment. I thought I was alone, and you misunderstood."

But her face was radiant.

"I have been misunderstanding you for months, Robert," she said softly. "But not now. It was all in your eyes. Have you never thought why I was unable to find my ideal? I didn't know my own heart then, but I always compared the boys and the young men with you, and they fell short. I know now that I have loved you for years, since I first went to college, but I have not fully realized it until within the last few months, and, Robert, I have been so unhappy at your—thoughtfulness of me."

"It was the only thing I could do," he groaned. "I was afraid of myself, and—and I am so old, Elinor."

"Only fifteen years older than I am," she said happily. "I shall unpack my trunks."

Once more he tried to command himself, to summon the mask to his face, but he was too weak. He held out his arms.

Crushed the Lawyer.

Some years ago in Alabama one of the most talented lawyers practicing in the south was the late Colonel Bragg, but he had a peppery temper.

Not only did Colonel Bragg's disposition involve him from time to time in serious differences with his colleagues, but it also led him to break off amicable relations with a Judge Robinson, a most estimable jurist, who while presiding over a suit in which Bragg was interested had by his decision incurred the resentment of the advocate. So for a long time the colonel declined even to speak to the judge save when it was absolutely necessary in the course of business.

Finally, however, his better nature getting the upper hand, Colonel Bragg determined to apologize to Judge Robinson and endeavor to effect a renewal of their former comparatively pleasant relations. Meeting the judge one afternoon on the steps of the statehouse, he impulsively thrust out his hand and said:

"See here, Judge; let's be friends again. This thing has gone on long enough."

"Why—er—Bragg," asked the judge in the meekest and mildest way imaginable, "what's the matter?"

"Simply this, judge," continued the fiery Bragg—"I admire you so immensely that I cannot for my life be content to remain on bad terms any longer. I felt that I must speak to you."

"Why—er—Bragg," piped the judge in the thinnest of voices, a well feigned look of astonishment on his face—"why,—er—Bragg, haven't you been speaking to me?"

At this the lawyer wilted.—Lippincott's.

Continued.

It is said that, although the celebrated advocate, Lord Erskine, was sometimes jocular and occasionally a little unfair in his treatment of witnesses, no man was better able than he to make them realize the foolishness of utter irrelevance of their replies without giving offense. At one time a witness obstinately refused to be sworn in the usual manner, but stated that, although he would not "kiss the book," he would "hold up his hand" and swear. Erskine asked him what reason he had for preferring such an eccentric way to the ordinary method.

"It is written in the book of Revelation," replied the obstinate man, "that the angel standing on the sea held up his hand."

"That is very true," said Erskine, with a smile, "but I can hardly see how that applies to your case. In the first place, you certainly are not an angel, and, in the second place, you can not tell—you have no means of knowing—how the angel would have sworn if he had stood on dry ground as you do."

There was no flippancy or irreverence in Erskine's tone, and after a moment's reflection the stubborn witness yielded the point, impressed by the advocate's common sense view of the matter, and took the oath in the usual manner.

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Patchouli.

The plant from which the well-known perfume patchouli is obtained is a native of India, Java, China. It is also grown in Cayenne, Paraguay and the French island of Reunion. It first became known in Europe about 1850. At that time India shawls commanded immense prices, and dealers were desirous to identify the genuine article by their odor, as they were generally scented with patchouli. So much humbug was going upon this subject, imported for the avowed purpose of manufacturing these imitation India shawls, that scented perfumers took up the cultivation of the plant on their own account.

The Morning Star.

The morning star, an iron ball studded with spikes and fastened by means of a chain to a short handle, was much used by mediæval times as a military weapon. It was exceedingly formidable, for when thrown it could not easily be evaded or caught, and it would give around the head over the shoulder. It was frequently used in connection with a battle ax, which grows in every picture of Italy.

An Unsent Event.

"Yes, I sent my uncle a telegram on Wednesday to say I was coming. I wonder if he received it."

"I reckon he didn't, 'cos I seen him this mornin', an' he didn't hear nothin' 'bout no telegram."—Brooklyn Life.

Injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.—Simonides.

Awfully Slow.

He—Darling, I have loved you ever since first we met. She—Well, why didn't you say so long ago? Did you think I was a mind reader?

A man should be upright, not be kept upright.—Marcus Aurelius.

Church Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—T. C. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Mc Clure, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dingess, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Ward; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—A. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Gilfillen, Kane; A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; G. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bagley, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Bagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Alley, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. V. Kapp, R. C. Gibson.
Constable—L. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, President; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chesbro, A. H. Kibler.
Judge of Election—G. R. Ivins.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARKER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 301, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLMES, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CIARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CANFIELD, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor, Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 7:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services in each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:15 p. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.

For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:03 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K and Punxsutawney via B R & P.
8:30 a m for Bradford via B R & P.
11:25 a m for Bradford via B R & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P.
2:55 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K and Buffalo B R & P.
4:40 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and Buffalo via B R & P.
5:37 p m for Bradford via B R & P.

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:55 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:35 a m from Buffalo.
12:50 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
4:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg.
5:15 p m from Bradford.
6:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

C. H. G. EASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1906. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20		6:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:35	6:15
Kane	10:35	2:35	8:05
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		4:25
Kane	7:40	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:04	11:20	5:08

Arriving at Smethport at 8:55 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie R. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Supt. R. S. BULLUS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective Nov. 26, 1905

MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	6:25	8:15	Hornellsville	A 9:30	5 50	
	6:35	8:26	Arkport	9:25	5 48	
			Borns			
	6:47	8:36	Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
	6:54	8:42	Canaseraga	9:07	5:30	
	7:08	8:58	Garwoods	8:52	5:25	
	7:10	8:59	Swain	8:48	5:19	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	8:29	4:57	
	7:33	9:30	Angelica	8:05	4:53	
	8:22	10:2	Friendship	7:37	4:05	
	8:54	10:35	Bonjour	7:05	3:28	
5:40		11:36	Olean		2:32	10:28
6:27			Eldred			9:38
6:50			Laraibee			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:02
8:09			Mt. Jewett			8:10
9:50		1:23	St. Marys		A 5:50	130:20
		10:57	Shawmut		2:11	
		A 10:42	Druckwayville		4:1 50	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M			A M	P M
3:30	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A 10:35	3:02	6:58
3:50	11:20	7:30	Perkinsville	10:20	2:50	6:32
3:52	11:22	7:32	Rogersville	10:17	2:49	6:30
3:57	11:27	7:37	Stony Brook Glen	10:12	2:46	6:24
4:00	11:30	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:32	6:20
			Borns			
4:11	11:41	7:50	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:00	Hornellsville	9:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad

Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv		Westward
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7.25	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7:50	6.55	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc	7.35	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.40	2.40	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.56
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.4
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Rid'g's	8.01	3.06	10.0.
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.1c
6.15	o	1.00	N. Coudersport	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.05	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.42	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & O. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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The Romance of a Slipper

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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When Miss Graham had finished her letter and laid her pen down, she sauntered indolently to the small window and looked across at the pine woods. It was one of those country windows to open which demands strength which is as the strength of ten and which, when opened, refuse to be closed again save with the *archaic force* of a battering ram.

"Even though I do live in a Harlem flat," pondered Kitty Graham, "I've been accustomed to windows that remained up without any visible means of support. Since I've come to the Berkshires I've learned better. Seems to me that *one volume of Thackeray* doesn't keep the window up high enough." She gazed searchingly about the room. "I reckon *one of* my high heeled slippers will about do it," and she inserted that bit of personal property with no mean skill, so that the heel raised the sash two or three inches higher.

"That isn't much," she concluded, a trifle warm with the exertion, "but it's something. And how delicious that *pine fragrance is!*" She bent her pretty head so that her little nose drew in long breaths of the sweet air. Then, picking up her letter, she went downstairs.

"Mrs. Barnes," came Miss Graham's *silvery voice* from the hall, "shall I leave my letter here on the table? Or is it too late for the butcher?"

"Sakes alive! Yes, he was here 'fore you was up," returned Mrs. Barnes cheerfully from her rocking chair on the front piazza. "But maybe there'll be somebody along presently on the way to North Adams. You might stick it in the railing in case anybody does come," she added.

Kitty sauntered to the fence and leaned over the railing. But no one was in sight.

"Suppose I walk over to North Adams myself," suggested she. "It's far?" She tapped the heel of her slipper against her small white teeth.

"Land, no, child. It's—"

The gate of the other house creaked as it was pushed open. "They would always look after—" Mrs. Barnes stopped rocking and looked up the road.

"There comes Professor Thornton," she said presently. "But, of course, we couldn't ask him."

"Why?" murmured Kitty absently. "Why not?"

The professor was a tall, grist scholarly looking man of middle age. As he approached, followed by a handsome collie, Kitty went to the gate and held out her letter with a frank, winning smile.

"If you're going to the village would you mind mailing this *for me?*" said she gravely. "I should be very much obliged."

Mrs. Barnes from the rocker on the piazza looked at the girl with mild reproach, but met no glance of apology. Kitty's *white gray eyes were following* Professor Thornton's aristocratic figure down the road and evolving some questions. She *turned abruptly.*

"Who is he? Why did you hesitate about asking him? Don't you think *he'll mail it all right? It's to mother,* and it's very important, and you don't think he'll drop it, do you?"

And what Mrs. Barnes thereupon told her was in substance if not in words something like this:

He was Professor Hamilton Thornton of New York city, serving as his mistress star eyed science. But of Woman (with a capital W) and her Ways (another capital W) he was totally ignorant. The feiest of iced water was warm, so rumor had it, to the look he bestowed upon women.

"And how ever you braced up spunk enough to ask him to mail that letter," concluded Mrs. Barnes, rocking way back, "I don't know."

"Ho! Hum!" frowned Kitty. "Well, the words for mine." And with a nod of farewell she passed out of the gate.

Over the slippery needles she went till she reached a tall tree whose shaft went straight up, not bothering itself with branches *for thirty feet.* Here she threw herself down and leaned back in the embracing roots, pitying the people in towns and heaving a sigh of satisfaction.

"If only dear mother could be with me, though," said she mentally, "but of course it's impossible. Oh, this poverty stricken workaday world!" She couldn't help thinking of the pretty little estate in Virginia which yielded nothing and of the subsequent hardship which she and her frail, delicate mother were enduring.

"Well, the doctor said if I'd stop fretting and would try to enjoy every moment of my month here in these fragrant hills I'd be all right for my winter work, so I'm only going to think of pleasure, and—and bracing things." And while the resinous bark gave forth its spicy smell, reclining against the roots of the pine tree, she lazily watched the small and active insects which went pottering about the needles and moss of soft curtli.

"Oh, it's delicious and restful—so restful!" sighed she, stretching her arms above her head.

That night, instead of lighting her bedroom candle, she went to the window through whose uncurtained frame the moonlight poured in. It was still upheld by the volume of Thackeray and by the high heeled slipper. The October night air was quite chilly; there was too much of it. Kitty thought, while she was getting ready for bed she'd close it from below and pull afterward.

So, staying the sash with her right shoulder, she tried to extricate the slipper and the book, but, alas, the slipper eluded her and tumbled heel first into the path below.

Kitty's first thought was to run and fetch it back, but she was utterly sleepy. "Oh, pshaw!" panted she. "What's the use? I'll get it in the morning. It isn't going to rain; the sky's cram full of stars."

The next morning very early, Prince, *the big collie, came running in to his* master, waving his tail excitedly, and dropped something at his feet. Then flopping his tawny length upon the hearth rug, he eyed him expectantly.

Professor Thornton looked at the thing which Prince had deposited at his feet without touching it.

It was a slipper, he saw now, but how *incredibly tiny* it looked on the expanse of floor, how helpless and lost. He picked it up a bit gingerly. Why it was absurdly tiny. What queer little feet women must have! He set the slipper upright on his big brown hand—an ally suede bridge across his broad palm.

He'd seen things like this—hadn't he—*on blocks* in shop windows. No, no precisely like this, either, for this had little curves—a dozen of them—of half ridiculous. Pretty little thing, but what nonsense for a shoe!

He hesitated a second, then softly opened the top right hand drawer of his desk. "Maybe some one will call for it," thought he. "Then I'll be sure to know where it is."

He thought of this drawer several times during the day, but did not open it. It was queer no one missed it. That night, however, he set the thing up on his big blue blotter. It shone under the student lamp in shimmering daintiness, so soft, so smooth with such curves! Why, it looked almost warm.

The professor leaned back in his revolving chair and looked around his room, lit by the desk's circling light. The room seemed empty in spite of its furnishings—great cases of books, rugs, antlers, a favorite gun and a generous pipe rack, and in the midst of a circle of light a lonely man and a suede slipper.

Yes, the professor felt lonely. He picked up the slipper, turning it over and over. Suddenly he cried:

"Why, there's K. G. in it as plain as plain right on the lining, in silver letters." Prince sniffed at this illuminating discovery.

Next day as the professor was taking Mrs. Barnes' place he saw a dainty little figure in white at the gate. She raised her lovely tired eyes in recognition.

"Would you mind mailing for me, mail?" she asked. Both her manner and her words were of a disarming simplicity. "Miss Graham is my name—Kitty Graham."

"Miss Graham—Kitty Graham," repeated he gravely, with a courtly bow. Then he stopped short, and regarded the girl with absorption, a wonder growing in his eyes. "Miss Graham," said he, "do you ever wear slippers?"

"What a question to ask a girl!" laughed Kitty some weeks later. "And what an amusing way to begin a court ship!"

Burma and Buddhism.

Burma is a country dominated by an idea, or, rather, a set of ideas, which owe their origin to the influence of Buddhism. The Burman holds the view that this life is a sorry thing at the best and that the wisest course is, therefore, to get through it with as little care, worry and anxiety as possible. The world is nevertheless at the same time full of good things, which all can enjoy. Therefore why toil for wealth, which brings only a burden of care in its train? Why strain every nerve when possession means the anxiety to hold and preserve. The bounteous earth supplies rice for the needs of all her children, and while there are love and laughter and gayety to solace us, while leisure can be secured and peace maintained, let us enjoy and be happy. Here we strike the keynote of the life of the Burmans. Strangers call them lazy, but they are not idle except on principle. They can work splendidly when they choose, but they have long ago decided that to turn the world into a workshop, to toil incessantly for a mere subsistence or in order to gather up riches, is folly, as doing so destroys the pleasure of existence. As soon as a farmer has made a little money by selling his crop he gives a play, or pwee, to his town or village.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Spanish Custom.

No one exactly knows the origin of the time honored prerogative enjoyed by the natives of the Spanish village of Espinosa, who for centuries have possessed the curious monopoly of watching over the slumbers of the ruler of Spain. Every night at 11 o'clock the gates of the royal palace at Madrid are ceremoniously closed by a gorgeously appareled functionary armed with an ancient lantern and a huge bundle of keys and escorted by servants, officers and soldiers, and from that time forth until 8 o'clock in the morning, when the gates are opened again with similar ceremony, the guardianship of the interior of the royal dwelling is confided to what are known as the monteros de Espinosa. Each one of them is a pensioned lieutenant or captain of the army, and while two are stationed in the antechamber of the sleeping apartment of each member of the royal family, remaining throughout the night, not sitting, but standing, leaning on their halberds, the others patrol the corridors of the palace, two by two, until the morning, crossing each other at every point, never sitting down and never uttering a single word.

NUTS HARD TO CRACK

QUESTIONS WHICH EXCITE THE INQUISITIVE MIND.

Awkward Queries Which the Powers of the Past Propounded—Emperor Tiberius an Early Example—Puzzling Dreams of a Chinaman.

Bacon doubtless had in his mind the propounder of unanswerable questions when, in his essay on "Discourse," he advised all seekers after knowledge to avoid putting troublesome queries, a practice which he declared was fit only for a poser. The poser, however, has existed time out of mind. He is to be found among all classes of men, from emperors down to private individuals who prepare scientific conundrums.

A somewhat early example of the poser pure and simple was the Emperor Tiberius. The unfortunate philosophers whom he used to keep for a pastime in his island retreat at Capræ were continually being plagued by absurd questions. Suetonius tells us that the emperor used to demand of these wise men whom Hecuba's mother was. If they refused to commit themselves the family tree of the Hecubas not having *come down to posterity,* the emperor was wont to wax wroth at their ignorance and threaten them with corporal punishment if on the following day they did not come prepared with an answer. Other favorite questions of his were: "What name did Achilles pass under when he sojourned with the virgins at Scyros?" "What particular song were the sirens, when seated on the rocks, in the habit of chanting in order to allure travelers to their death?" In vain was it for these wise men to invent fictitious answers, for the emperor invariably asked for authorities, and if chapter and verse were not forthcoming some ingenious punishment fell to the lot of those unfortunate manufacturers of history.

Perhaps it was because time hung heavily on their hands that the holy men of the church during the middle ages peppered their spiritual superiors with foolish questions drawn from the Bible. A host in these days had he know, or rather appear to know, even more than Mezentius's omniscient schoolboy. No article or bit of his time it was too small to be spent in endeavoring to find answers to such questions as the following: "What was the use of the leather which Jacob saw in his vision, with six wings and two angels' feet, if angels did not require any other means of descent from heaven to earth?" "What kind of implements did Adam and Eve use when they sewed the fig leaves together and made themselves aprons?"

The papal as well as the clerical mind delighted in propounding abstruse questions. Was, for instance, a man who came as a stranger to a city and being in extreme want of food justified in stealing in order to save his life? Grotius, Puffendorf and a whole host of foreign jurists declared in the affirmative. Cicero, Hale, Blackstone and others take the opposite side. The great Bacon himself suggests a nice point. If two persons are shipwrecked and get on the same plank, but find it is not able to save them both, is either justified in order to save his life, he thrusts the other from it?

Scientific men, too, have raised some curious questions for posterity to argue over. Many of these, however, are similar to that which Charles II. propounded to the Royal society—viz: "If a fish is put into a globe full to the brim with water, why is it that the water does not overflow?" The society, being loyal subjects, took a decent time to look into this profound question and then informed his majesty, in the politest terms which they could muster, that under the given circumstances the water would overflow. There is that ancient question, "What would happen if an irresistible force came into contact with an immovable body?"

Equally fruitless is the speculation as to which came first, the hen or the egg. In spite of the old Greek saying, "The beginning of all life is an egg," we usually imagine hen's eggs at least to have been laid by a hen. "Does a water wheel run faster at night than in the day?" The savants even of Germany have studied this nice point and own there is no satisfactory answer. Again, "Does a man weigh more at the equator than at the north pole?" and "How do birds soar without moving their wings?" are both questions which seem to imbitter the lives of many apparently sane people.

There is a story to the effect that a certain gentleman, being commissioned to write an article on Chinese metaphysics, looked up the words "Chinese" and "metaphysics" in the Encyclopaedia Britannica and combined his information. Considering the questions which the metaphysicians of China are in the habit of propounding we think the gentleman did wisely in saving his readers an introduction to the subtleties of the Celestial intellect. As an example of what they thus escaped we append the following: A certain Chinaman fell asleep and dreamed he was a butterfly. During the dream, while in the form of a butterfly, he dreamed he was a Chinaman. On awakening a terrible feeling came over him. Was he now a butterfly dreaming he was a Chinaman or had he last night been a Chinaman dreaming that he was a butterfly? The question weighed upon this Chinese man's mind. He sought out the greatest thinkers of China, who pondered over this question, but could make nothing of it. It is said that the joy and beauty have gone out of that Chinaman's life. Fortune may smile upon him, he may be decorated with peacock feathers and yellow jackets, yet content will not be his, for he can never be certain in his own mind whether he be a Chinaman or a butterfly.—London Standard.

TALE OF AN ANTIQUE RUG

By Edith M. Doane

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I am a prayer rug—an "antique Ghoerdez" my master calls me—and I lie in a corner of the library before the shelves that hold his choicest books.

The morning sunshine envelops me in a rich flood of yellow splendor; in the evening the blazing logs in the fireplace caress me with flickering shafts of golden light; at night I lie in the soft darkness and dream happily of the days of my youth.

Allah is good. I am content.

I was an old rug, worn smooth by the bare feet of the faithful, even before I was taken from the temple and *brought to this strange country* across the seas. For months I lay in dark, evil smelling places, before that day *when I found myself once more* in the blessed sunlight amid a babel of strange sights and sounds. The worshipers in this new temple swayed and jostled each other noisily, the priest waved his arms madly. "Going, going, gone!" he cried. "Going, going, gone!"

Aside from the crowd, in the corner where I lay, two men were standing. One talked earnestly to the other, who listened with a certain embarrassment.

"Tell her what you have told me," said the first. "Go home to her now. Get down on your knees and tell her that you've made all kinds of an ass of yourself and you know it. Beg for her forgiveness. Beg for one more chance. Beg for the boy's sake, to be allowed to try again."

The other man flushed dully. "I have not been home for weeks," he said huskily. "I couldn't. I've done about all the evil I can, so—so—to speak but I couldn't go from that other crowd to her and the boy."

"But you are done with all that now," protested the first sternly. "You have had your fling, and you've found it

"ELIZABETH," HE SAID ALMOST FIERCELY, "I LOVE YOU!"

yields nothing but Dead sea fruit in the end. It isn't too late to go back. She will forgive you."

"How can I ask her to?" said the other wearily. "Think of the grievous wrong"—

Just here I was taken up and carried over to the priest, who held me aloft in his arms, while all the people crained their necks and jostled each other in their effort to get a better view.

"An antique Ghoerdez prayer rug," chanted the priest. "A sapphire on an opal ground. A rug that is to other rugs what rubies are to other precious stones—rarer, more brilliant, more costly. Notice the harmony of the contrasting colors—the novelties of the borders—the splendor of the design. How much am I offered for this superb antique prayer rug?"

Then the tide of the shouts of the devout broke against the priest's chant, and in its midst I found myself carried once more to the corner where the two men stood. They examined me carefully. The face of the one who had held back was flushed and eager.

"This is the anniversary of our wedding day," he said to the other, "and I will do it. I will go now. I will take her this rug as a thought of the anniversary and on it, where so many prayers for forgiveness have been offered, I will offer mine."

"Oh, Allah, be merciful!" he added under his breath.

So I went with him to his home, and he let me fall in a heap with his latchkey and then got down on the floor and laid me before the door. Then he rought a bell.

"Is Mrs. Wharton at home?" he asked the man who answered his ring and his voice trembled in spite of his efforts to steady it.

The man eyed him curiously. "No, sir," he said respectfully. "Mrs. Wharton and Master Edward 'as been gone, sir, some days."

"Mrs. Wharton left a note, and there is other mail," he added, placing a sheaf of letters on the table and retiring with a bow.

My master tore open the small square envelope on top, and his face went ashen gray. "I have warned and prayed and entreated," he read dully. "and now I have one where I shall at least be [illegible] the height of your presence [illegible] life and your own [illegible]."

[illegible] a letter, still open. "He] lawyers," he repeated monotonously, opening it and scanning it mechanically through its legal phrasing.

Then he threw himself in a chair and buried his face in his arms on the table.

"Oh, my God!" he sobbed brokenly. "Oh, my God!"

After that night I did not see the master for many months; then one evening he came into the library, looking older and sterner, with deep lines in his face. After that he spent nearly all his evenings in the library, sometimes with friends, but oftener alone reading or just staring straight ahead into the fire. So the days rolled into weeks and the weeks into months and years until one evening the master came and stood for a long time looking at the picture of a woman and a boy on the mantel. "Three years tonight," he said slowly; "three long years."

The curtains of the doorway parted and a woman came forward part way into the room, a slender, graceful woman who carried her head haughtily, although her lips quivered with nervousness.

The master turned abruptly.

"Elizabeth!" he cried.

"You are surprised to see me here?"

"Elizabeth!" he said again in dazed astonishment, then: "The boy? What is wrong with the boy?" he cried sharply.

She flushed painfully. "It is because of him I am here. He has some claim on you still, even though I—have none."

She stopped abruptly and walked over to the fireplace; then turned and looked at him with proud, appealing eyes.

"I have no money enough to educate the boy properly," she said simply, "and there is no one I could come to but you—his father."

He did not answer her, but with one quick step forward took her hands in his.

"Elizabeth," he said almost fiercely, "I love you! I want"—

Trembling she leaned against the table.

"Love me? After all I did—the divorce—the boy"—

"The fault was mine. I loved you through it all. I have always loved you. I love you now."

He looked searchingly at the sweet, averted face, then, with a quick, happy movement drew her close.

"It was not until afterward that I knew how dearly I loved you," she said, with a little catch like a sob in her voice.

That was the dawn of a new era. The old silence is gone, and laughter and the soft sound of happy voices echo through the house. I am fond of them all, the master with his merry laugh, the mistress with her saffedair eyes and gracious ways, the boy who brings in troops of his admiring friends to see me.

If I sometimes long for the days of my youth—for the silence of the temple and the prayers of the faithful—what would you?

Allah alone is perfect.

I am content.

If Tom Had Been There.

The great Nelson's sovereignty was confined to the seas. On shore his valet, old Tom, ruled him completely. He was in loco to Tom, just a boy to be governed kindly, but firmly. To the end of his days the faithful old servant ascribed his master's fate to the fact that he was not aboard Nelson's ship at Trafalgar. Tom had been everywhere with Nelson until the time of Trafalgar, says a contributor to St. James' Budget. On that occasion he was detained in London too late to go to sea with Nelson, and ever afterward he used to say:

"If I had only been there Lord Nelson would not have been killed, for he should not have put on that coat!

"He would mind me like a child," the old fellow would go on, "and when I found him bent on wearing his finery before a battle I always prevented him.

"'Tom,' he would say, 'I'll fight this battle in my best coat.'

"'Oh, no, my lord, you shan't,' I'd say.

"'But why, Tom?' he'd say.

"'Why, my lord? You just ask no questions, but fight the battle first,' I'd say, and then I'll dress you up in all your stars and garters, and you'll look something like. But after the battle, not before, my lord.' He got on his best coat at Trafalgar because I wasn't there to prevent him, and it was the end of him."

She Rebuked Gladstone.

Laura Hain Friswell, in her book, tells this amusing anecdote of William E. Gladstone. Miss Friswell had been to the wedding of Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet and was trying hard to get out of the crush. "I heard a voice saying: 'It's 4 o'clock! It's 4 o'clock! We shall be late for the house, Harcourt. We must get out.' The speaker was just at the back of me and pushing dreadfully; but I, grasping my friend's arm, stood back; then I turned my head and saw Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt.

"'What do you mean by this ungentlemanly behavior?' I asked indignantly. 'We are late for the house, madam,' returned the 'Grand Old Man.' 'And is that any reason why we should be killed by those horses? If you were men, you would keep the crowd back.'

"'She's right there,' whispered Harcourt. 'We must keep the crowd back. I beg your pardon, madam.' Gladstone looked very cross, but did as he was requested and muttered something which I took for an apology. They kept back the crowd."

SCARED THE ARTIST

Story of the Duke of Atholl and the Cartoonist Leech.

[illegible] years ago a [illegible] of [illegible] to charm [illegible] up Glen Tilt and [illegible] all trespassing under pain of [illegible]. This recalls a good story about John Leech, told by Mr. [illegible] a dinner given by his friend Millais, at which Landseer and Thackeray were present. It was Leech "who held up to execration" the Duke of Atholl. Look in Punch, [illegible] and you will see the old nobleman there depicted as a savage, snarling hound and underneath the picture the words "A Scotch Dog in the Manger." This is followed by another pleasantry at the expense of the duke, who in a scene from the burlesque performed at Glen Tilt is made to say, "These are Clan Athall's warriors true, and, Sawnie, I'm the regular Doo."

Some time after this Leech, making a summer tour in Scotland, found himself, toward nightfall, walking "in the unpreserved heather of Glen Tilt, sacred to dukes and deer," and presently met, face to face, the duke on horseback, attended by a groom. "Is it possible," his grace exclaimed, "that I have the pleasure of meeting John Leech?"

The artist, disconcerted, explained that it was growing late and he was on his way to the village inn to stay the night. The duke would not hear of this and, ordering his groom to dismount and help the artist into the saddle, insisted that the latter should go with him to the hall. Leech was overpowered by the old gentleman's kindness, and, as no refusal would be listened to, he accepted it. But he was still a little nervous. The duke noticed it, and it seemed to please him.

On arriving at a narrow and rather dangerous path skirting a precipice, seeing his companion hold back, he gruffly told him to advance. "Now," thought poor Leech, "he'll have his revenge." The duke spoke out. "Are you the man who slandered me in Punch?" he sternly demanded. The artist felt his heart sink within him. He looked down from the dizzy height and thought of his wife and children. There was but one thing for him to do. He made a full confession and a full apology, and the old gentleman, having succeeded in thoroughly scaring him, magnanimously forgave him. Host and guest duly arrived at the hall, and dinner was ordered. Leech was shown to his dressing room, where he patiently awaited the sound of the gong. Hour after hour went by, and no sound came. He began to suspect that the duke's revenge was not complete and that he was being held a prisoner. He rang the bell.

It was answered by a scornful lackey. "I am afraid," said Leech, "that the dinner gong has sounded and I have not heard it. Is dinner ready?"

"Sir?" replied the pompous flunky, "when dinner is ready you will hear the gong," and disappeared. Another hour went by. He rang the bell. The flunky entered. The same inquiry was made, and the same reply was given. Leech gave up in despair. But at last came to o'clock and with it the looked for music of the gong. Dinner was served. It appeared that the duke had taken his usual nap and, being fatigued by the day's hunting, had overslept himself, and no one in the house had presumed to awake him.—New York Herald.

Northumbrian and Scotch Rustics.

The Northumbrian peasant is not at all Scotch. On the contrary, the ancient animosities between England and Scotland were keenest on the borders and are still alive there. As soon as you cross the Tweed the difference becomes apparent. First there is the dialect. To a Londoner it is all Scotch, and there's an end of the matter. But there are several important points of difference. You find one exemplified in words such as home, stone, one, etc. The Scot says hame, staine, ane, but the Northumbrian h'y'm, st'y'n, y'n. I fear only those who have heard it will be able to give that "y" its proper sound. And then the inimitable burr. One has to give up in despair all attempts to represent it phonetically. Just as one cannot in letters represent the pronunciation of "mee" and similar words. But it is all English of a sort and not Scotch. Still more striking is the difference in facial expression. The typical Scot is naturally reserved, not to say sly and self controlled, his face is something of a mask through which the true man peers at his neighbor. A southern peasant is polite, civil, respectful, can touching, in awe of the squire and the quality. In Northumberland you will find the peasant franker than the Scot, of more independent bearing than is common south of the Ouse. His faults rudeness and brusqueness.—London Spectator.

Olive Oil as a Medicine.

Olive oil has been proved in many cases to be not only a corrective of the liver, but a food for the system as well, and is a great benefit for weak stomach and bowels. The dose is usually a teaspoonful of the oil, to be taken a half hour before breakfast and a half hour after supper. The oil may be freely used on vegetables and in salads, as it is harmless. Its use may be continued for years, and in assisting the liver to do its work (it is in most cases mildly cathartic) the complexion is cleared of the ugly brown spots and leathery yellow appearance, due to torpidity of the liver. The taste is not unpleasant, although a liking for it has in most cases to be acquired. But very few effective medicines are really fine flavored. Many physicians strongly recommend its uses both internal and external. It is excellent to use after the bath, and many delicate persons, especially children, are greatly benefited by being massaged with it.

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A MOHAMMEDAN FUNERAL.

Ceremonies With Which a Body Is Consigned to the Grave.

When the life of a Mohammedan is ebbing away a dignified reader of the Koran is summoned to recite aloud its chapter on the resurrection so that the spirit of the person on hearing it may have an easy death The Mohammedan believes that the vital principles of the whole system are concentrated in the head, when death is the result The watchers at the bedside also read some passages and then a drink of sherbet is given to the patient to lessen the pangs of death As soon as the spark of life has fled the two great toes are tied together with a thin strip of cloth the mouth is closed and incense is burned near the body

The interment follows a few hours after death The washers are men and women who wash and anoint the body and dig a hole in the earth to hold the water so that it can't spread very much as it is supposed that sacks to receive this water The washing is a quiet ceremony and when finished the body is shrouded with even more ceremony If the deceased is a widow of the deceased she informs the dowry her husband had given her If the deceased's mother is present she gives The milk with which I suckled thee I freely bestow upon thee Thus she resigns the debt of the deceased to her When flowers have been placed on the body it is carried to the grave on a bier or if the relatives can afford it in a coffin All the grave foundations are excited and the body with the head to the north and the face looking toward Mecca is laid on its back in its tomb The grave is about seven feet long for both sexes but the depth for a man is measured by the distance between his feet and chest for a woman between her feet and waist If the body is too long for the grave it is believed that the deceased must have been a great sinner

Before the body is covered the Mohammedan takes a little earth and throwing it into the grave says We created you of earth and we return you to the earth and we shall raise you out of the earth on the day of resurrection Then a mound is built to keep the earth in the grave from crushing the body and water is sprinkled on it in three lines Still prayers, the sole vestige of the deceased left after the burial As in the case of a Hindoo funeral the poor are not forgotten by remembering that by distributing money salt rice and wheat among them after the funeral

EARLY CREEK HISTORY.

In the Time of Cortez the Tribe Life Was Idyllic

The Creeks are an entirely different race of people from the Cherokees and other northern Indians They are of Aztec or rather Toltec origin and in a teocallis or pyramidal temple located in a secluded wild of the Creek country the same religious rites and ceremonies are performed today that were performed in the imposing temples located on the bank of the beautiful Lake Tuzcuco in the days of the illustrated Montezuma II The archives of the nation are preserved in hieroglyphics beautifully painted on shells strung together on deer tendons Here are also preserved their most cherished relics their green jasper altar and life sized image of their great war god both brought from their former home near Vera Cruz Mexico

At the time Cortez made his appearance in that neighborhood bent upon a career of conquest and plunder the Creeks as they are now called were living a peaceful idyllic life in a land made sacred to them by having been the home of their ancestors for untold thousands of moons and containing the ashes and bones of their wise and loved old men through many generations Gathering their warriors together they gave battle to the invaders but weapons of stone and flint could make but little impression upon the steel clad warriors of Spain and they were defeated with terrible slaughter Gathering wife and little ones together and carrying with them their most cherished possessions among which were the records of their race the paper altar and their war god holding in his extended right hand the sacrificial knife of flint they made their weary way to the capital of Montezuma the sacred city of Mexico where they were warmly welcomed by that unfortunate monarch and where they fought bravely in defense of the devoted city They assisted Guatemozin the chivalric nephew of Montezuma in his glorious if ill fated attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors and upon its failure and the attendant death of that young chieftain by torture after the manner of the ancient Israelites they determined to seek a land that man knew not where they might provide homes for their families and worship the gods of their ancestors —Exchange

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

The man who loves his joke is usually unpopular

Put yourself in the other man's place and you may stop abusing him

It is commendable to save your money, but it is not commendable to look it

We worry as if we had to go through a whole year tomorrow instead of just one day

The cares and worries of life look pretty good after all to those returning to town through the cemetery gate

When a soldier returns from a battle his story of the fight is more interesting and less truthful if he returns alone

Of course friends are a good thing but when misfortune comes to you which do you wish you had more of—friends or dollars?—Atchison Globe

Thankful For Small Mercies

A man lost a leg in a railway accident, and when they picked him up the first word he said was 'Thank the Lord, it was the leg with the rheumatism in it."—Atlanta Constitution

ADVERTISING A BOOK.

How the Author of "Valerie" Captured Parisians Long Ago

We find some notes a little while ago on the methods which some authors have adopted for the advertisement of their books A correspondent sends us an example of this sort of thing which is the better worth quoting because we have never seen it quoted in this connection before It is taken from a life of Mme de Krudner whose novel Valerie appeared shortly after Mme de Stael's Delphine'

You know quite well" the author wrote to a friend that neither talent nor genius nor the excellence of one's intentions is sufficient to insure a success Everything demands some charlatanism" And the biographer proceeds to tell us how she translated her doctrine into action

During several days he writes she made the round of the fashionable shops incognito asking sometimes for shawls sometimes for hats feathers wreaths or ribbons all a la Valerie When they saw this beautiful and elegant stranger step out of her carriage with an air of assurance and ask for fames articles which she invented on the spot the moment the shopkeepers were seized with a polite thirst to satisfy her by any means in their power Moreover the lady would soon pretend to recognize the article she had asked for And if the unfortunate shopgirls taken aback by such unusual demands looked puzzled Mme de Krudner would smile graciously and pity them for their ignorance of the new novel thus turning them all into great readers of Valerie Then laden with purchases she would drive on to another shop pretending to search for that which existed only in her imagination Thanks to these manoeuvres she succeeded in exciting such ardent competition in honor of her heroine that for a week at least the shops sold everything a la Valerie' Her own friends the innocent accomplices in that stratagem also established shops on her recommendation thus carrying the fame of her book through the Faubourg Saint Germain and the Chaussee d'Antin —London Academy

HUNTING VIOLINS

Tarisio Was Found Dead Surrounded by Valuable Instruments

Violin makers know and again come upon pieces of wood of phenomenal resonance and beauty and when they do we may be sure they give special care to the making and finishing of the instrument formed of the wood Stradivarius in my case did In 1710 he had a piece of luck in this particular and his luck went into an instrument with which he fell so much in love that he absolutely refused to sell it or allow it to be played upon by any hands but his own He kept it locked up and when he died at the advanced age of ninety three he bequeathed it to his sons By and by in enthusiastic connoisseurship Stradivarius the scent of this instrument and about the year 1700 he acquired it—it what figure is not known—from one of the great Amati sons

Stradivarius cherished it until his death about 1737 and then a strange chance for appears on the scene as purchaser This was an eccentric old fellow named Luigi Tarisio who abandoning his trade as carpenter had started collecting old violins and was now searching in every nook and corner of Italy for the treasures of Cremona He could neither read nor write this enthusiastic collector but he could tell a valuable fiddle the moment he saw it and he estimated the worth of the Stradivarius so well that after he had acquired it he kept it to himself with all the loving care that its maker had already shown for it Tarisio lived in his attic alone in a wretched garret in Milan and one day in the year 1854 his neighbors found him lying dead among a confused heap of remnants The old man had amassed a collection of some 250 instruments the result of thirty years hunt and although he had started life a penniless carpenter he died worth about £1,000 —Cornhill

Arctic Mosquitoes

The presence of mosquitoes in myriads within the limits mentioned in the clerk is surely in some degree a mystery The mosquito is a blood sucker but in these unvisited plains he is for the most part and of strict necessity a vegetarian A few birds excepted and the birds are furnished with impervious leathers there is no local life whatever The Lapps in summer drives his reindeer to the sea and no native crosses the field if he can help it Yet in this region 'seemingly the most unsuitable for its effective working' the mosquito flourishes a primeval and enduring curse inexplicably developed to its utmost '—London Chronicle

Land of Surprises.

New Zealand is not exactly contiguous to or a part of Australia as many seem to imagine there being a slight difference of some 1700 miles between them Things go by contraries in the land of the kangaroo The farther north you travel the hotter it is—125 degrees in the shade in Queensland Lignum vitae which sinks in other waters floats in Australian waters The Christmas dinner is eaten in Melbourne and Sydney when it is over 100 degrees in the shade

A Jewel of a Wife

The ministers wife had an unwelcome visitor in a very talkative scandal monger so the minister went out for a stroll Returning half an hour later he called out That old cat gone I suppose' Yes' said his wife who had still her guest talking to her I sent it home in a basket my dear this morning" What do you think of that for presence of mind and absence of cat?—Christian Life

What Will Happen to It

"That flimsily constructed public building is a scandal" exclaimed the patriot

"Never mind," answered Mr Peegrift soothingly, It'll soon blow over —Washington Star

Four Italians Hold Up Men and Murder a Countryman.

(Continued from 1st page.)

were asked for a description of the affray none of them dare to act out the scene instead of telling their story, through an interpreter, and in some parts their actions were most tragic Possedio Tiberi's story was practically as he told it at the coroner's inquest and the others corroborated his statement either in words or actions When they came to the point where the shooting commenced some of them would make frantic gestures and then duck under the table or behind a box or through a doorway thus illustrating his actions in the mix-up.

None of them were positive who fired the shot that killed Guiseppi Tiberi, but all stated that the big man who gave his name as Frank Colino, fired the first shot directly at Tiberi and that the others followed so quickly that they could not tell who their bullet felt at the first shot or later

Tuesday morning several people followed up the trail of the brigands through the swamp in the hope of finding something that might serve to identify them and Paul Krysaw was rewarded by finding a pair of rubbers which had been lost by them They were about a quarter of a mile apart and were right in the tracks made by the four Mel Ferris and Michael Cooney each found some empty 32 calibre cartridges which had been thrown out of their revolvers when they reloaded

The Prague Clock.

Since the middle of the fifteenth century the city of Prague has possessed a remarkable clock the mechanism of which is most complicated The dial which is between six and eight feet across has a number of hands each of which not only the minutes and hours but also the days months and centuries Of this clock it is said

At the left of the dial is the sun and [illegible]

Which [illegible]

In his [illegible]

But the [illegible]

Which [illegible]

Wonders About Skin Pores

Each square inch of the human skin contains not less than 3,500 sweat tubes or perspiration pores Each of these tubes is bent wonderfully so as to count on [illegible] inch in length Each of these sweat tubes may be likened to a tiny dumbbell We find that the two ends united has about 2,000 square inches of skin on the surfaces of his body Each square inch of this outer cuticle is as we have said literally punctured with its 3,500 quarter inch perspiration ditches If we could put each of these little tubes end to end we would find that they would extend a distance of not less than 201,167 feet If did you ever before stopped to consider the fact that the aggregate length of the tile ditches for draining the human body is almost forty miles

Schliemann's Luck

It is told of Schliemann the explorer of buried cities of the ancient world that he was pursued by ill luck in his earlier and trifling excursions In fact to a friend the latter related him which he had made the most unfortunate investments and cost Schliemann said he habitually inserted the right line is the cause of your misfortunes said his friend You have offended Jupiter left hand furies and they have their vengeance on you Reverse your habit and see And said Schliemann in telling the incident in his life and prosperous years 'you see how it changed my luck'

Notice to Stone Masons.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of McKean County will let to the lowest responsible bidder the contract for the construction of the abutments for an Iron Bridge to be erected over Bells Run Creek in Corn Town snip at the place where the Oswayo Valley road crosses said Creek, on or about April 3rd, 1906 at the Commissioners office in Smethport Pa All bids must be filed with the Commissioners on or before noon of said day and must be accompanied with a bond in the sum of $2000 00, to be approved by the Commissioners, the right to reject any and all bids reserved

Geo Griffiths,
John A Peterson
John P Devlin
County Commissioners

Attest, A B Waller Clerk

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ever brought to Smethport Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio

"IKE" GLEASON Photographer

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration upon the estates of Seth Forrest W Garrett and of Eliza H Garrett late of Norwich township McKean Co Pa deceased have been granted to the undersigned All persons indebted to either of said estates will make immediate payment and all persons having claims against either of said estates will present the same to

FRED W BROWNELL Administrator etc
Postoffice address Smethport Pa

Executrix's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of John McKernan late of Keating township McKean County Pennsylvania deceased have been granted to the subscriber all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same without delay to Gorton & Richmond, Attorneys

ANNA McKERNAN,
P O Address, Smethport, Pa.

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Lobster Sardines,
Shrimp Clams,
Salmon,
Kippered Herring,
Boneless Herring

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GUY McCOY, Asst Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J HAMLIN,
RALPH E BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Financial Statement.

OF KEATING TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR 1905.

James Pray Collector in account with Keating Township road for 1904

	Dr		
To bal due Keating Township bond		$ 191 90	
To bal due Keating Township special		191 90	383 79
	Cr		
By exonerations on bond 1904		52 66	
By exonerations on special		52 67	
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog bond		74 84	
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog special		74 85	
By amount paid Supervisor Brown bond		50 00	
By amount paid Supervisor Brown special		50 00	
By commission on $243 69 at 5%		12 43	
By amt paid Treasurer Gallup to Dec		15 00	
By commission on $17 54 at 5%		88	383 79

A G Farley Collector in account with Keating Township road for 1905

	Dr		
To amount of duplicate 1905		1 572 97	
To amt of duplicate special		1 572 97	3145 94
	Cr		
By exonerations on bond 1905		29 50	
By exonerations on special		29 50	
By returned to Co Commissioners bond		28 00	
By returned to Co Commissioners special		28 00	
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog bond		579 58	
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog special		579 58	
By amount paid Supervisor Brown bond		459 58	
By amount paid Supervisor Brown special		579 58	
By collector's commission on $1 885 87 at 5%		118 42	
To bal due Keating Township		604 63	3145 94

Michael Herzog Supervisor, Keating Township for 1905 in account with

	Dr		
To amt of road duplicate for 1905		1572 80	
To amount of taxes returned from 1904		121 01	
To amount received from Co Treasurer road fund		404 15	
To bal due Keating Township last settlement		70 81	
To due Supervisor Herzog to balance		111 07	2202 11
	Cr		
By exonerations on duplicate 1905		38 70	
By returned to new supervisors		60 63	
By taxes worked out in 1905		1,384 49	
By paid freight & materials		280 87	
By commission on $1081 28 at 5%		32 31	
By 421 days as supervisor at $1 50		361 50	
By amount paid out		84 01	
By amount over paid on settlement		11 41	2202 11
	Dr		
To amount received from Col Bray bond		71 84	
To amount received from Col Farley		871 8	
To amount received from County Treasurer		901 20	845 04
	Cr		
By paid on bonds		194 87	
By paid interest on bonds		3 60	
By commission on $831 87 at 5%		10 64	
By amount due to balance		7 70	845 04
	Dr		
To amount received from Coll Bray special		74 70	
To amount received from Coll Farley special		5 9 58	
To amount received from County Treasurer special		202 20	
To amount overpaid on special		41 41	807 03
	Cr		
By amount paid on judgments		880 01	
By commission on $880 01 at 5%		17 02	807 03

Chas Brown Supervisor in account with Keating Township for 1905

	Dr		
To amount of road duplicate for 1905		1574 98	
To amount of taxes returned from 1904		131 12	
To amount received from County Treasurer road fund		436 81	
To bal due Supervisor Brown to balance		111 80	459 99
	Cr		
By exonerations on duplicate 1905		173 40	
By returned to new supervisors		323 69	
By returned to County Commissioners		14 00	
By taxes worked out roads		850 01	
By amount paid on roads		505 87	
By paid freight and materials		18 31	
By paid Auditors Town Clerk and Collector		57 25	
By commission on $3[illegible] at 5%		1 15	
By commission on $684 70 at 5%		1 69	
By 241 days as Supervisor at $1 50 per day		361 50	459 99
	Dr		
To amount received from Coll Bray bond		18 84	
To amount received from Coll Farley bond		87 08	
To amount received from County Treasurer bond		91 46	93 88
	Cr		
Expended bonds		70 63	
By paid interest on bonds		1 25	
By commission on $871 40 at 5%		13 9	
Due Keating Township to balance		86 79	0 88
	Dr		
To amount received from Coll Bray special		194 84	
To amount received from Coll Farley special		57 88	
To amount received from County Treasurer special		218 48	91 90
	Cr		
By amount paid on judgments		8.7 20	
By commission on $87 20 at 5%		1 74	
Due special to balance		82 96	93 90

RESOURCES

By balance due from Collector Farley	904 03	
By uncollected tax uncollected on County Treasurer duplicate	368 86	
By Township indebtedness to balance	472a 37	6666 76

LIABILITIES

To amount of outstanding old bills	6 2 57
To amount of new bills rendered	81 97
To amount of outstanding bonds	3000 00
To amount of outstanding judgments	2091 72 56 8 26

We the Auditors of Keating Township having examined the accounts and vouchers of Jame Bray and A G Farley, Collectors and Michael Herzog and Charles Brown Supervisors of Keating Township and them as above stated

Witness our hands and seals this 17th. day of March A D 1906

F I BRICKHAM [SEAL]
A B WASHBURN [SEAL]
S D CRAWFORD, [SEAL]

Attest ELMER ROYDER
Town Clerk,

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Burg Chadwick, M. D.

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Main Street Smethport Pa

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T H PURTELL Prop

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BAYER HOUSE

[illegible]

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars

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